JULY 1943

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By Sir Norman Angell

SEX GOES TO CHURCH
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VOLUME LVII

NUMBER 235

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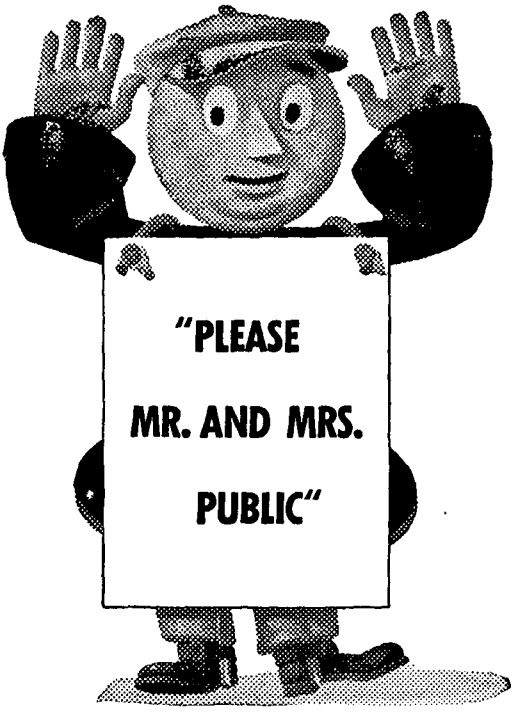

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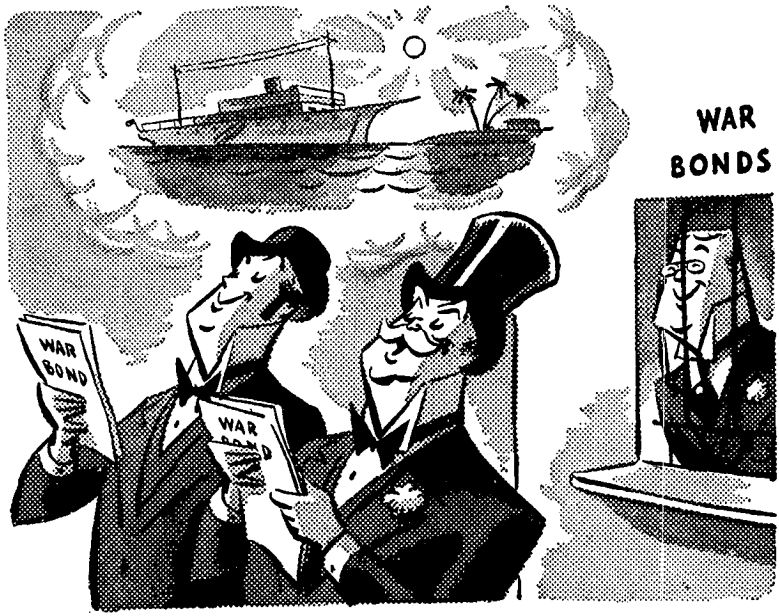

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The American
MERCURY

LASTING PEACE IS POSSIBLE

By Sir Norman Angell

After the last war the ordinary citizen everywhere in the world — that common man whose century we are told this is to be — gave expression to one supreme intention, one passionate desire: never again to participate in a world war the like of that through which he had just passed. If there is such a thing as "the people's will," here it was expressed unmistakably, clearly, fiercely: "Never again!" And within two decades the common man the world over was once more caught up in a world war more burdensome, more full of torment and of terror even than the first. His most clearly expressed will had utterly been frustrated.

Why? Why has an all but universal intention miscarried and an all but universal will been paralyzed?

The fact that the people wanted peace, and got war, is very commonly taken as proof that they were the victims of a plot by the "interests" — Wall Street, international bankers and financiers, armament makers, or some other group. Yet if it be true that in such supreme matters as peace and war the public are helpless, just putty in

SIR NORMAN ANGELL *was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933. He has been a farmhand, a cowboy, prospector and newspaper man, and is the author of more than a dozen books, the best known of which are* The Great Illusion, *which was translated into twenty languages,* The Story of Money *and* Peace With the Dictators? *His most recent book is* Let the People Know. *He was born in England in 1874 and now resides in New York City.*

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the hands of a few politicos, bankers, capitalists, armament makers, British propagandists, then indeed is democracy itself condemned as incompetent, impotent, futile. For this would imply not merely that the people do not rule, but that they cannot rule, since they can so easily be made the mere tools of any criminal clique which decides to bamboozle them.

Fortunately for the hopes of democracy that picture is a fantasy. If in America Wilson was repudiated after the last war and the League, any League, rejected; if the country began to feel that its entrance into the war had been managed by a little gang of Anglo-American financiers or propagandists; if Neutrality Acts and Johnson Acts were accepted as embodying the true principle of peace; if Britain resolutely refused in the years following the war to give any clear undertaking to France to help defend her against a renewal of German attack; if sanctions against Japan in Manchuria, Italy in Ethiopia, Germany in Spain were condemned as "provocative war-mongering"; if every nation in the world became more and more isolationist, and appeasement a policy approved warmly by many Peace Societies and men of good will, it was not because any "interests" plotted it that way. It was because ruler and ruled alike were confused and uncertain as to the right road to peace — and, because confused, subject to changing moods. The public yielded to the instinct to look for scapegoats — Wall Street, munitioneers, etc. — instead of causes. The capitalist or banker was just as much the victim of the errors and fallacies committed as the trade unionist; Wall Street just as mistaken in its judgment concerning its own interests as Main Street. That is why the war nobody wanted came.

Are we any less confused today?

Consider: there are in the United States alone over two hundred organizations trying to tell the citizen what he must do to be saved. One of the largest of these has received, believe it or not, 1,200 plans for world peace. None of these plans, I am assured, is of the crackpot order. They come from responsible organizations or study groups in universities or churches. These plans not only differ in many cases; frequently they are flatly contradictory. The experts seem almost as much at variance as the amateurs. For every problem any number of different, mutually exclusive solutions are suggested.

Now the final decision — and the decision to have nothing to do

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with any of them is, of course, also a decision — will have to be made by the average citizen and voter, necessarily absorbed in personal affairs, earning a livelihood, providing for his children, keeping out of debt. He can bring only a spare-time mind to the task. The voter pronounces the last word on the projects of a Woodrow Wilson, President, and Princeton professor of political science. It cannot be otherwise. Dictatorship offers no better solution. One temperamental housepainter — and ignoramus — acting in an atmosphere where no discussion is allowed, is not likely to judge better than a Congress or an electorate having at least the right to question, to test its judgment by access to the facts.

When the doctors differ and the layman has to choose between them, are there any means of helping him in his choice? Can we clarify for him a few general principles which will help to keep him on the road to improving political health and at least enable him to avoid some of the political pestilences of the recent past? I believe that we can.

An analogy which I have used more than once may help clarify a point I shall make presently.

Medicine, like politics, is a very inexact science, subject to fallacy, fashion, change. (For the best part of a thousand years doctors regarded blood-letting as a sovereign remedy.) Yet one or two immense achievements stand to the credit of medicine. The great pestilences — leprosy, bubonic plague, typhus, yellow fever, the Black Deaths, which were once a dreadful shadow upon life, worse than war — have almost disappeared from the western world. That has been the work of laymen making use of expert medical knowledge. At a certain stage in the development of medicine the experts said: "We disagree vastly on many points. But we are agreed on one basic fact: These pestilences can and should be prevented. We know they are disseminated by micro-organisms. Keep sewage out of drinking water, infected vermin from your homes." The layman, without being a bacteriologist, saw the point. He got to work, with drains and what not, and the scourges have disappeared.

II

Is there any corresponding simple and understandable truth in the field of international relationship which would as clearly point the way out of war as prophylactic medicine pointed the way out of the other pestilences? I shall suggest

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there is. But please note two points in this illustration or analogy.

The first is this: When propounded the microbial theory of disease was angrily denied and repudiated by many leading lights in medicine, particularly on the surgical side. The fiercest kind of warfare raged. The second point is this: Still, today, over most of the earth (in the Orient), laymen continue to reject the theory; they stand by much more elaborate and intricate theories of disease causation — the sins of the sufferer in some previous incarnation, the machinations of devils, the anger of gods. These laymen are sceptical of the microbial theory because their minds are possessed by other beliefs and doctrines; and men do not like to shed a doctrine long and confidently held. Both phenomena are duplicated in the political field.

The supreme fact which must guide us in the future framing of international policy is this:

The indispensable condition of security is that those who desire it shall act to resist aggression, collectively (not individually), on the principle that an attack on one is an attack on all. Where each waits to be attacked before acting, all are exposed to destruction.

This comes near to being a political truism. It is self-evident in logic and the basis of organized society *within* every nation. It has been repeatedly verified by events. Wherever this principle has been applied in foreign policy, no very elaborate plan or constitution is necessary for its success; where it has been rejected, no plan or constitution, however impressive, can work.

III

This policy, however, far from being an agreed commonplace of political thinking, has been repeatedly challenged and repudiated by many learned political doctors since the last war as wrong in principle. Others have rejected it not as wrong in principle but as not in the order of "first things." Still others have so qualified it with exceptions that it failed to emerge as a basic principle at all. As a result, the large voting public has seen the vital importance of the principle but dimly, confusedly, intermittently, not as the key to the problem or as the guide in the day-to-day development of policy. The tendency has been not towards the enthronement of this principle but its repudiation. Thus Neutrality Acts, Johnson Acts, appeasement, isolationism — and war.

Note the tragic yet ridiculous situation towards which we have drifted.

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Ninety per cent of the world has been put in peril, and compelled to transform its whole way of life, by a criminal or fanatical 10 per cent. (The totalitarian states possess less than a tenth of the potential power of those whom they threaten.) The 10 per cent have this immense power because the 90 have refused to act collectively in their own defense. Hitler has conquered twenty nations on the continent of Europe because when he began with the attack on the first, the remaining nineteen insisted that it was no affair of theirs; they were neutral. He was thus left free to overcome the first segment of the world he intended to enslave, to add its resources to those he already possessed as additional power for the conquest of the next segment. By such a process ten could make themselves masters of a thousand, and have frequently done so in history. For in that situation the ten do not face a thousand; they face only one: one at a time. From the moment that each nation said, "We will defend only ourselves," they were all potentially at the mercy of any Hitler, any gang, prepared to apply the "simple and deadly plan of one by one."

The last war proved, beyond any possibility of doubt, that since non-German Europe was made up of an odd score of states, each smaller or less powerful than Germany, those lesser states must learn to hang together or it would be comparatively easy for Germany to hang them separately. A Norway, a Denmark, a Belgium, a Holland, could no more defend itself by its own power than a child in a perambulator could defend himself against a John L. Sullivan. It should have been just as obvious that once the lesser states were overcome and their resources and strategic positions made an instrument of further aggression, all the great Powers of the non-German world — France, Great Britain, the United States — would be imperilled.

The lesson which "the common man" of the current term had to learn, as the very first condition of peace, was not a difficult lesson; not more difficult to grasp than was the microbial theory of disease. It is readily deducible from the facts of daily life about us. A moment's reflection proves to the dullest that if his community at home were "neutral" when murder was committed, if society did not undertake collectively the defense of each of its members against lawless violence, there could be no peace, safety, law, justice. In paying his police taxes for the defense

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of people whom he does not even know, he knows that if he did not thus make his contribution to their defense, they would not make theirs to his; and there could be no order at all. If each were to be his own and sole defender, then any criminal or fanatical gang that could make itself stronger than one individual would have not merely that one, but all, at its mercy.

That same truth is as applicable to nations as to persons. The proposition that if he will not defend others, it will soon become impossible to defend himself, that the primary rights, like the right to life (and without that obviously no other is of much value) must be defended by the community or they cannot be defended at all — this is certainly not beyond the reasoning capacity of the "common man."

IV

But the common man is not usually guided by reason. That is why it is so important to make the reasoning as easy as possible. Men are unreasonable. What are we to do? Let the irrational destroy us? Only by reason can we find out how to overcome the unreasonable within us.

"The collective principle is an oversimplification," I shall be told. The Ten Commandments are an oversimplification of the social problems, and no one but a fool would suppose that you could solve any serious social problem by reciting them. No one but a fool supposes that you can solve the international problem by mere adjurations to hang together against aggression. But such a criticism misses the whole point of the world situation.

Assume you had a national community in which it had become fashionable to deny the theory of the code embodied in the Ten Commandments, to deny that bearing false witness, stealing, killing, were socially mischievous, and that as a result, the community had degenerated into appalling chaos. In that case, the first task would be to assert the principles which had been challenged. Mere acceptance of a code like that of the Ten Commandments may not get you very far, but repudiation of it may carry you a very long way towards hell. *It is the repudiation of the principle of mutual assistance in resistance to aggression which has carried us to a second world war.*

At present the principle is put in jeopardy by a confusion of which both Left and Right seem equally to be victims, a confusion which arises partly from the disposition

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to grab at slogans which are half truths. Wilson proclaimed the last to be a war to make the world safe for democracy. Strictly interpreted, that was correct. But the public took it to mean a war *for* democracy, which, since we then had as allies on the "democratic" side Czarist Russia, Japan and Italy, was obviously untrue. The Leftists now insist that this is a war to establish democracy, or an International New Deal, or the abolition of colonialism, or the abolition of capitalism. In Britain Mr. Laski tells us that we must "blast the foundations of the old society," that the Libyan defeats last year were an "epitaph on a system," and long ago Mr. Brailsford assured us that we had to choose between "Property or Peace" and that we could not have both.

Large elements of the Right, on the other hand (in the United States rather than in Britain), have made it plain that they desire no cooperation with Russia. Mr. John Chamberlain insisted the other day that there could be no collective security in the absence of "a common morality, a common attitude towards rights, including the right to private property."

All this, I suggest, implies gross confusion as to what collective security is and how it should operate. When within a nation we have parties — capitalist, socialist, communist, free enterprise, liberal, authoritarian, Conservative, Radical, Democrat, Republican — we do not say we must find out which policy is right and then use the power of the state to promote it. We do almost the exact contrary. We say that any party shall have the right to advocate whatever policy it pleases and promote it peacefully. But if it arms itself for the purpose of imposing its policy by force — and by that very fact attempts to deny other parties the right to promote their policies peacefully — then all others unite to forbid such arming. A precisely similar principle must animate the policy of the United Nations.

In order to secure any nation's preferred way of life, we must first secure its right to life itself. The Four Freedoms are worthless if those who possess them can be bumped off by ruffians we are unable to restrain. It serves no purpose to create a new social order, as Russia has discovered, if it cannot be defended; and it can only be defended — again as Russia is discovering — collectively, with the aid of nations which may not share the same social ideology. If instead of saying, "First of all we must defend each other from attack,"

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each of the United Nations says, "First, we must all agree about socialism, or capitalism, or imperialism," — well, we shall not agree and our alliance will disintegrate.

The same fallacy is sometimes put in another way: "First, you must have a just *status quo*." You cannot have a just *status quo* until you give the nations concerned some security as nations. A nation which feels it can only depend upon its own power for defense will strive for "strategic" frontiers whether they include alien populations or not; for high tariffs or colonies in order to be self-sufficient for war. Self-preservation first, even if the frontiers *are* unjust. Guarantee security, and a nation will not have to choose between being just, or being extinguished.

V

In the absence of a real acceptance of the irreducible minimum, the more elaborate the plan, blueprint, document, constitution, the more likely is it to fail. In the nineteenth century certain Latin American republics subject to revolution every six months or so hoped to get the relative peace which they saw in the United States by adopting its constitution. The new constitution made not the slightest difference: the revolutions went on as before. Britain has no written constitution at all and has had no revolution for three hundred years.

There are any number of ways in which the collective principle might find application to the international scene, provided the will is present, and that in turn depends upon the understanding of the need for the principle. The important factor, therefore, is widespread understanding of the principle. Without its popular and almost instinctive acceptance, postwar plans are worthless. Once it is understood and assimilated, the method of application will emerge. It is the area of common agreement in any plans that have real pertinence to the real world we live in. Two events illustrate my point:

In 1822 the Holy Alliance — the Axis of the day — threatened the reconquest of some of the Latin American Republics. Britain opposed "Axises" then, as it opposes them now, and suggested common action against it to President Monroe. Monroe saw that if the European powers could conquer one weak Latin American republic after another, establish themselves in one and then go on to the next, the young United States would be encircled and endangered. Knowing that he had the British fleet behind

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him, Monroe promulgated his doctrine: "An attack from Europe on any American republic is an attack on us." He had accepted the first principle of collective security: to defend ourselves we must on occasion undertake to defend others. It worked.

Yet if Monroe had attempted to embody the principle in an elaborate Constitution of the Western Hemisphere, consulting each republic, and waiting upon agreement by all of them in some Supreme Constituent Assembly, the whole thing would have crashed. As it is, the Doctrine has been an invaluable element of American security. It was born of Anglo-American agreement based on the recognition of common interest, and — a fact very little known — Monroe, Madison and Jefferson were more than half disposed to make the principle worldwide, to say that any nation victim of aggression would receive help in its defense, expressing in this way the principle of Articles X and XVI of the Covenant of the League.

It would today be far more feasible than it was in 1822 to make universal the principle of the Monroe Doctrine. For the guarantors against aggression could be not only the United States and Britain; but also the nations of the British Commonwealth, Latin America, Russia and China.

Such a gathering of guarantors need not constitute a superstate. Note what has happened in the case of the British Commonwealth. The British Dominions have become independent nations. There is no statutory obligation resting on any of them to come into Britain's wars. Yet when Britain, without waiting to be attacked, declared war upon Hitler in fulfilment of the pledge given to Poland, all the Dominions save one immediately joined. The interest of New Zealand or Australia or Canada in the security of Poland does not immediately "leap to the eye." Why did the Dominions come in? A full answer to the question why they did come in would carry us very far. But the main motive was surely expressed in some such feeling as this: "We value our nationhood, here in (say) New Zealand. But less than two million of us can hardly defend ourselves, by ourselves, against seventy million Japs. Standing with Britain and its navy, with Australia, Canada, South Africa, the other states of Africa, and India, we have a pretty good chance. Let's stand in with them."

That was enough for common action. The British Commonwealth of Nations is unique in the history

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of the world in that it possesses no government. There is a government of Britain, and another of Canada, and another of Australia and another of New Zealand, and so of the other Dominions. But there is no government of the British Commonwealth. There is only an "understanding". Even that understanding has not been committed to paper. Yet it has sufficed to save the Commonwealth — and to help save mankind.

It is perhaps too much to hope that something as Britishly vague as this will suffice as the basis of our collective security arrangements of the future. But it does at least illustrate that a developed *sense of defensive interdependence* can go far to solve the age-old problem of reconciling liberty and authority, of securing the maximum of freedom for the individual, with the needs of common defensive action between them. Its example, and that of the Monroe Doctrine, taken together, give a hint of the way to begin making this a world relieved of war.

"Now, now, Admiral . . . you've been biting your fingernails again!"

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▶ *Birth control and pre-marital clinics as religious services.*

SEX GOES TO CHURCH

By William Bradford Huie

Satisfactory physical relations between husband and wife should be encouraged by the church if the church is to play a genuine rôle in the life of its congregation. Such relations, unspoiled by ignorance or fear of the unwanted child, can help to build warm, effective families —and only such families can form a proper basis for a modern democratic society. To assume that the sex life of people is no concern of the church is to condemn it to ineffectuality.

On this line of reasoning a young preacher in Columbus, Ohio, has opened the doors of his church to sex and invited it to come in and be saved and ordered. He is Dr. Roy A. Burkhart, a Ph.D. in religion and psychology and pastor of the First Community Church of Columbus. Within a few blocks of Ohio State University and thus under the very guns of Midwestern orthodoxy, he has set out to build the kind of church which he believes must emerge from the present world crisis if the democratic concept is to be revived.

Dr. Burkhart is one of those open-faced, sincere fellows who is as easy to meet as Will Rogers. He loves this cantankerous stuff called humanity. Forty-seven years old, a former fullback, with intense blue eyes and an easy smile, he has become a practicing psychiatrist using his church for a laboratory. His entire church program has attracted attention, but the most spectacular phase has been his forthright handling of sex and young people. He has brought pre-marital as well as post-marital problems right into the church, and he has called on his doctor-members and paid social workers to help him with such innovations as "date clinics," "marital clinics" and "church night clubs."

"In eight years," he told me, "I have performed six hundred marriages. Out of these, there have been only five divorces and one of these couples was remarried. I offer that record as evidence of the success of my plan. Every one of those couples had been examined and talked to by an intelligent doctor

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before I married them. They had had psychological and religious, as well as medical, advice. I won't marry any couple until they have had this service. In addition we had worked with most of those girls and men in our premarital clinic, and there isn't a frigid among them."

Dr. Burkhart and I were having dinner at the Athletic Club in Columbus. I confess I was startled. Frigidity has been so long associated with godliness in church circles that the "frigid" phrase on a preacher's lips came as a shock.

"The frigid woman or man is a menace to a democratic society," he continued. "If the church is going to promote the democratic concept, then it must be the helper and the extoller of the individual. The church must help the individual to achieve the fullest expression of both his body and his mind. The frigid person can't bring any warmth to a family. I think one of humanity's greatest tragedies is the young wife who is not sexually adjusted."

"You mean you really try to do something about such things?" I asked.

"Of course," he answered. "Why shouldn't I? There is no aspect of any human relationship that I won't discuss freely with any boy or girl or man or woman in my church. If a young couple doesn't find all they had hoped to find in marriage, they fall prey to disillusionment and cynicism. They can't rear healthy, warm-hearted children. They need help quickly, and we are not afraid to try to help them. We invite the young husband to discuss these matters with other young husbands, and the young wife has the counsel of other young wives. And we have doctors and psychologists to advise the more hesitant."

"What about birth control?" I asked. "Do you pick up that hot iron?"

"Indeed we do," he replied. "The most serious threat to any family is the unwanted child. If we recognize that the family is the cornerstone of the democratic society, then we must protect the family from threats. I feel sure that both Hitler and Mussolini were unwanted children. The unwanted child hasn't a chance from the beginning. He is almost certain to be anti-social and a tragedy if not a menace. He cannot have the home atmosphere which makes for social human beings. We must encourage larger families, but we must prevent the unwanted child.

"When the doctors examine our young couples before marriage they

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tell them everything about contraception. They provide the young bride with the best contraceptive devices. There is nothing unholy about intercourse between a man and his wife. Instead of trying to suppress the facts of life and making itself look ridiculous to reasonable people, the church must spiritualize and dignify the facts of life. And the church must seek to strengthen every tie which helps to make the family an efficient unit.

"We recommend breast feeding for all our babies. Psychologists are pretty well agreed that breast feeding makes the baby feel more secure; more a part of a strong unit. As the child grows he should become aware of the strong, contagious relationship between his mother and father. The child must be taught to feel that he belongs; he must be treated as an individual, as an immortal soul. This is why we maintain clinics for our young mothers and fathers."

"You consider the family as the microcosm of democracy?"

"Certainly. The man or the child who is improperly related to his family will be improperly related to the larger social unit. The warmth and understanding in a democratic nation is simply the sum of the warmth and understanding in all its families. Take my own daughter, for instance. She knows that she 'belongs' to a warm, powerful unit which is our family. She has the security of that unit. She knows that she can tell the whole world to go hang if she wants to. But she won't want to tell the world that, because having found warmth in one unit she can find them in other units."

"What about promiscuity?" I asked. "Aren't you afraid of it if you dispense all this sex knowledge?"

"No, I'm not," he answered. "In our pre-marital classes we teach both boys and girls to refrain from pre-marital sex relations, not because they will go to hell if they don't and not because they might have a baby, but because it is better for them if they don't. We try to show them out of human experience that life will be more satisfactory to them if they adopt certain disciplines for themselves. We tell them about human dignity and the necessity for self-respect; and we tell them what effect the violation of rules has upon men and women."

"Do they listen to you?"

"Sure they listen. Young Americans today are serious, knowing people, and we want to make them more so. They ask why, and we

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must tell them why. When I talk to young husbands I don't pretend that some of them are not attracted to women other than their wives. I try to give them reasons for cultivating their own wives, and I try to show them how they can live more satisfactorily by building their families properly. I can prove to them that the Christian ethic in love and purity has been validated by objective psychology."

II

Eight years ago Dr. Burkhart went to Columbus to build a church according to his own ideas. He had his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago and had been a successful worker among young people's organizations in the United States and Canada. He believed that the church was failing; that this failure was related to the failure of democracy; that it was no longer enough for the church to talk about God in the abstract. He thought that the church had to "create a condition that would result in the spread of the spirit of Jesus." He resolved to demonstrate his theses, and, like all innovators, he ran into opposition.

The "community church" idea was still a red flag to many professional denominationalists. One of the troubles with the Protestant Church, Dr. Burkhart believed, was denominations. Instead of supporting one church and making it strong and progressive, each community in the country was trying to support from two to a dozen churches with the result that they all suffered from small membership and inadequate finance. The First Community Church invited the membership of everyone who believed in "spreading the spirit of Jesus."

Today The First Community Church has 2,910 active members drawn from twenty-seven different denominations. Forty-four members are former Catholics and twelve are former Jews. Among the members are Governor and Mrs. John W. Bricker; forty-two professors from Ohio State University; two labor union officials; and thirty-nine doctors. The church has eighteen paid employés including psychologists with special training for handling young people. The budget for this year is $53,889, from which Dr. Burkhart is paid a salary of $7,200. The church contributes to all the national religious federations and gives $2,500 a year to the International Council of Religious Education.

"Too many churches are paying too much money to stuffed shirts,"

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Dr. Burkhart told me. "The new church must have new leadership, and it must come from young, educated men and women who believe in mankind and who are willing to work. I think the community church idea should spread, for if we are going to extoll democracy we may as well begin in church organization."

His first action in Columbus, in line with his views on sex and "making religion vital," brought opposition from other preachers. He thought that girls near the age of puberty should be told all the meanings of the process so that they would not be afraid and so that they would think of its finer, emotional aspects rather than something to be associated with pain, fear and inconvenience. He asked mothers to send such girls to his church, and he hired a woman doctor-psychologist to come from Chicago to speak to the girls.

"They raised the dickens about that eight years ago," Dr. Burkhart recalled. "But now every year I get scores of phone calls from mothers reminding me that it is about time for the annual lecture and that they want their daughters to attend. A local psychologist delivers the lecture now, and most of the opposition has vanished. In the new society which we must build, we must train leaders who can discuss all these matters with young people, not with shock or shame, but with integrity and good will."

The Saturday night "church night club" was another innovation to Columbus. And it is a real night club with most of the familiar trappings. It is held in the church gymnasium with the best dance band available beating it out. The young people themselves make all the arrangements and present the floor show. There are professional dance teachers in the church, and dancing is not only encouraged at the night club but interpretative dancing is used in some of the religious services.

The slogan for the night club is "nobody barred and no bar." Drinks are soft, and tickets are sold to the couples at $1.25 a couple. There are no stags and no unescorted girls.

"We admit couples only," Dr. Burkhart explained, "because the girl who reaches sixteen or seventeen and doesn't 'date' is abnormal. So we teach her to date in our premarital classes. She is not going to have a full, happy life if she feels barriers, so we help her. The same goes for the boys. If we are going to build good, strong families, we must begin by encouraging natural,

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intelligent, dignified relationships among the young people from which these families must be built. Our night club helps us to do this.

"A person is having a religious experience when the best that is in him is called forth. I don't say that night-clubbing is a religious experience, but when young people are enjoying themselves in a wholesome atmosphere, we are helping create the condition which makes for human dignity and for the democracy which presumes human dignity — and that is a spiritual matter."

The night club is vastly popular, and one of Dr. Burkhart's difficulties derives from the fact that so many of the young folks want to flock to the Community Church.

III

Dr. Burkhart's church has worked out a special program for its boys in the armed services. Two hundred and two boys from the membership are now scattered through the world, and the church organization is doing everything possible to make them feel that they still "belong"; that they are fighting for something warm and great and good. Before each boy departs he attends the young people's group to which he belongs. On the day before he leaves, if possible, Dr. Burkhart takes him for lunch and a swim at the Athletic Club. Then the church follows this routine for the boys and girls who are away:

1. Each week every boy and girl is mailed a copy of the sermon.

2. Each week a newsletter is sent to the absentees, and every two weeks Dr. Burkhart writes a personal letter.

3. The young people's groups publish a mimeographed newspaper each week which carries excerpts from all the letters received by the church from all the boys and girls in the service. This paper is sent to all of them and thus they feel tied together in a common cause.

4. The prayer circles pray for the absent ones each week, for victory, and for the cause for which they are fighting.

One result of this program has been that the church now receives many requests from strange boys who want to get in on the church "news service." In remote sections where some military companies do not have chaplains, officers are reading Dr. Burkhart's sermons to all the men. I examined a number of letters which have come to the church from servicemen. You sense a warm, enthusiastic appreciation

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among the boys for what their church is doing for them. A few of them deplore the "coldness" and "lack of understanding" of the chaplains. There are also letters from strange officers urging Dr. Burkhart to expand his "service."

"I'm telling our boys in the service that they are fighting an inevitable battle," Dr. Burkhart said. "I'm telling them that the world is well worth saving; that we must be willing to share in the troubles of the world with our blood and that we should do it on a basis of co-operation and self-denial. At the same time I'm telling the folks at home that we are the ones who must build the new world; that the soldiers are simply destroying the old world; and that the responsibility for building a new one is ours. I resent nothing so much as the journalistic efforts in this country to cheapen the struggle, to inject selfishness into it, and to encourage cynicism. This is no time for cynicism; it is a time for faith."

The church has had four casualties thus far from the war.

In summary, Dr. Burkhart's beliefs are:

That the primary purpose of the new, vitalized church is to "create the condition for the spread of the spirit of Jesus;" to lead men to individual nobility so that democracy will be possible.

That to achieve this primary purpose the church must help the individual to a free, dignified expression of the total self; the church must try to stimulate the kind of behavior that is considerate of the needs of other people; it must try to create "a persistent will for the good of each person."

That it was no accident that the men who built America were godly men. Otherwise they would not have believed in the individual man and thus they would not have believed in democracy.

That when man loses his God, he loses his belief in men, and the absolute state becomes inevitable.

I asked Dr. Burkhart this question in closing: "How do you defend yourself against the charges that you operate an excellent community center but that 'it ain't religion'?"

"Well, first," he answered, "we have our prayer services and our sermon services just as any other church. We are as anxious to find God as any church. But we don't think that it is enough to talk about God and faith in the abstract; we think we must seek the values that God stands for. Some preachers may be interested in

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Christ as an historical figure; we are trying to bring His spirit into human relations. Some preachers denounce night clubs; we provide one and seek to turn it to our ends. Some people argue against sin and explain what people should not do; we try, instead, to show people what they should do. Some preachers condemn dancing; we want only wholesome dancing. Some churches denounce contraception; we advocate it because we believe it intelligent and necessary to the democratic society.

"The old church is giving the people God by name only and not by experience. The new church should give its people God by experience. The blood of American boys on the sands of five continents is a terrible challenge to those of us at home. If a brave new world doesn't arise out of the ashes of the old one they are destroying, it will be our fault, not theirs."

"It's Private Jones, Sir . . . He says he can't go on till he knows what are our war aims."

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▶ *A worldwide communist smear that failed.*

GENERAL MIHAILOVICH:

The Story of a Frame-Up

By Ruth Mitchell

General Draja Mihailovich, brilliant commander of large regular and Chetnik guerilla forces in the mountains of Yugoslavia, was the first authentic hero to emerge from this war. His exploits fired the imagination of liberty-loving people throughout the world. The man who was harassing the Axis, immobilizing nearly half a million Axis troops in the Balkans and keeping Europe's back door ajar for the coming Allied invasion became a glorious and thrilling legend.

But suddenly, mysteriously, doubts about Mihailovich's loyalty began to seep through the press. Hints of double-dealing and treachery on his part began to appear in Allied newspapers and magazines. The Yugoslav government-in-exile, in London, was obliged to issue denials of ugly charges of pro-Axis sentiment against its War Minister and heroic leader. Vilification of Mihailovich rose to a crescendo, so that even honest democrats, slow to credit unbridled attacks, began to doubt and to wonder.

In the last few months the slander has subsided, but a sediment of skepticism has remained. That is why I consider it important to tell the fantastic story of the smear of Draja Mihailovich — the smear that failed.

There are no war correspondents in the Serbian mountains of Bosnia and Montenegro, where for the past two years General Mihailovich has been conducting his amazing operations. German, Italian, Bulgarian, Hungarian and Croat troops occupy the cities and censor all regular news channels. The Gestapo guards the ports and patrols the highways. The Chetniks' only link with the outside world is by military field radio whose batteries

RUTH MITCHELL *is the sister of the late General Billy Mitchell. She was formerly the lone American woman member of Yugoslavia's fighting Chetniks. Her book,* The Serbs Choose War, *will appear shortly.*

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sometimes go dead — and since all equipment must be seized from the enemy, new batteries cost men's lives. It has not been easy for Mihailovich to answer the slanders.

Who was interested in smearing Mihailovich and his army?

A clue to the mystery is provided by the fact that extreme statements of both versions of the Mihailovich story — the heroic and the villainous — appeared on different dates in the same group of publications, namely *the communist press all over the world.*

In the United States, for example, General Mihailovich was glorified in the *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses* and other party-line papers from the moment that Hitler invaded Russia until July 1942. His picture appeared in fraternal juxtaposition with that of Comrade Stalin, and in military prowess he was ranked only next to Timoshenko. The *Daily Worker* on March 27, 1942 attested that "Heroic Yugoslav guerilla fighters called Chetniks have already carved a glorious name for themselves battling the Nazi and Italian invading armies."

A bit later, in the issue of April 14, 1942, we are informed that "German authorities in Yugoslavia have arrested the families of guerilla General Mihailovich and several of his commanders as hostages but the Serbian patriot is determined to fight the Axis to the end."

Then, in late July, after a brief blackout of all news about Yugoslavia, the heroic Mihailovich vanished completely in the communist press, to be replaced by the treacherous version. In the *Daily Worker* of July 26, 1942, under the caption "YUGOSLAV LEADERS INDICT MIHAILOVICH," we find the following dispatch from the communist-controlled Intercontinental News Bureau stating:

> Fratricidal war has been provoked under the leadership of Draja Mihailovich about whose treachery there is official evidence in the form of documents found on his adjutant, Major Todorovich, and others.

This was the dispatch that touched off a "hate Mihailovich" campaign that has continued in the communist press ever since and in which "traitor" is the mildest of the expletives hurled at the Serbian leader. It reached its climax about the end of 1942. It was then that the *New Masses* published pieces under such titles as "TRAITOR MIHAILOVICH" and "THE MIHAILOVICH MYTH," and Comrade Browder, speaking in Pittsburgh, "revealed" that Mihailo-

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vich had made peace with the Italians. Echoes of the campaign began to filter into non-communist publications as well.

As a Chetnik and an officer in General Mihailovich's army I believe I can help to solve the mystery of the two versions of the guerilla general's rôle. The simple truth is that there is only one Mihailovich, a heroic and incorruptible Serb patriot and quite possibly the most brilliant soldier this war has thus far produced. The current communist version of Mihailovich is a wholly mythical product of an unscrupulous slander drive.

Mihailovich is stronger today than at any time since June 1941, when the Chetniks and loyal Serb elements of the Yugoslav army — so disastrously sabotaged by pro-Axis Croats — rallied to his leadership.

Moreover, not a single Allied leader, including the Russians, doubts either his complete and incorruptible loyalty to the Allied cause or his military competence and effectiveness. The fact is also that the so-called Partisans hardly exist today, and that they never did exist as an effective force fighting against the Axis, except in the imagination of communist and Croat propagandists.

II

These assertions I base on a mass of data which I have been asked to place before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. It is imperatively urgent that America understand the situation, because the lives of thousands of American boys may depend on United Nations policy toward what was once Yugoslavia.

First, the facts about Mihailovich the man. A professional soldier, he has been distinguished for brilliance and industry from the beginning of his military career. At fifteen he entered the Serbian Military Academy in Belgrade. At nineteen he interrupted his training to fight against the Turks. A year later, in 1913, he was wounded in the war with Bulgaria. He left school again when Austria attacked Serbia in 1914. Again wounded, he received the order of the White Eagle. In 1916, 1917 and 1918 he fought in practically every battle on the Salonika front and returned to Serbia wearing the highest decorations at his country's disposal.

After graduating with highest honors from the General Staff College and serving as Chief-of-Staff of the Danube Division and lecturer at the Military Academy, Mihailovich, in 1931, was made Yugoslav

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military attaché to Bulgaria. He left Sofia in 1933, just before the *coup* of the "Captain's League" which prevented the dictatorship threatened by King Boris and his pro-Nazi friends. It was generally known that Mihailovich played an important part in these events and in the later effective rapprochement between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. In 1934 he was appointed military attaché in Czechoslovakia. There he applied his knowledge of Nazi methods, gained in Sofia, to the exposure of Hitler's agents.

Like my brother, General Billy Mitchell, Mihailovich has had his troubles with military diehards. When he urged that his country adopt radically new defense methods, consisting of a combination of guerilla tactics with a rapid expansion of the mechanized units, he was frustrated by the brass-hats and the politicians. In 1939 he again annoyed the obtuse, fortification-minded Supreme Yugoslav Command by pointing out the lessons of the quick Nazi penetration of the Polish defenses. He was then an officer of the General Staff. When he refused to withdraw a particularly forthright report, Mihailovich was court-martialed and sentenced to ten days in prison.

The Germans invaded Yugoslavia on April 6, 1941. I went through the bombing of Belgrade and while proceeding to Dubrovnik with Serb troops our train was four times ambushed by Croat soldiers under their own officers. About 90 per cent of the Croat officers and men of the Yugoslav Army went over to the Axis by pre-arranged plan. British and American promises of help for the Serbs were not fulfilled. There remained only the tempered steel in the souls of the Serbian people themselves and in the soul of Draja Mihailovich, their leader.

When the Germans struck, Mihailovich was in disfavor with the pro-Axis government of Yugoslavia under Prince Paul and occupied only an obscure post. The Yugoslav army was betrayed and defeated. But Mihailovich quickly rallied the shattered Serb units and moving into the mountains, merged these troops with Chetnik guerillas. Within five weeks he had an army again, with new munitions depots, a new system of codes and a new liaison service in which I, who by this time was gathering espionage data in Dubrovnik, had the honor to serve.

In June he attacked the Germans so effectively that they were obliged to withdraw troops from the Russian front to build up and maintain there the largest force in

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any of the occupied countries. In July, after the Gestapo suspended the death sentence their court-martial had passed upon me, I was headwoman in the Gestapo prison in Belgrade. I remember how we all thrilled to the news of Mihailovich's exploits that reached us through new arrivals and in other ways.

He was attacking where least expected, killing outposts and whole units of occupation troops, clearing a section of Serbia in which no German has since been able to set foot and live.

The Nazis, baffled and enraged, proclaimed him Public Enemy Number One and put a million-dollar bounty on his head. But stern Serbian matrons went forth grimly from my prison to face the German execution squads and died with the words "Serbia" and "Mihailovich" on their lips.

III

This was the man whom the Croat and communist propaganda apparatus, in the name of the so-called "Partisans," has tried to paint as a traitor and Axis collaborator. It is important to ask: Who are these "Partisans"?

Before the *coup d'état* of March 27 which abrogated the pact with Hitler and which brought Serbia into the war on the side of the Allies, the Yugoslav communists, like those in other countries, agitated vigorously against support of the Allied cause.

When the Germans marched in, the local communists, of whom there were very few, refused to support popular resistance to the Axis, then still allied with Russia. After June 22, when Germany attacked Russia, there was, in Yugoslavia as elsewhere, an abrupt about-face in communist policy. A so-called People's Committee was organized, led by three local Serbs and three non-Serbs, the latter including a Bulgarian, a Hungarian, and probably Lebediev, secretary of the Soviet Legation in Belgrade, who failed to leave with the other members of the Russian diplomatic personnel.

A representative of this Committee approached Mihailovich and asked permission to operate in a particular zone. This permission was immediately granted, and at first the communists seemed willing to serve loyally under Mihailovich's command. A few weeks later, however, communist sympathizers under the direction of this Committee took control of Uzice, a town in a mountainous section of Serbia, and there proclaimed a kind

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of Soviet Republic. Because of the disruption of his communication services, Mihailovich, then busy fighting the Germans in the regions of Kraguyevats and Kopaonik, learned of this action only belatedly. Meanwhile the small peasant proprietors — living under the most liberal land-tenure laws in Europe, forming 82 per cent of the population and opposed to communism — had been goaded into violent action against the Committee of Six. The Committee had appointed its own mayors of the villages and begun publicly executing peasants who refused to obey these illegally appointed authorities. The peasants revolted. By the time Mihailovich arrived on the scene they had driven out the Committee and publicly executed one of its members, Blogoyevich.

The remaining five members of the communist Committee fled into Montenegro where they contacted a few local sympathizers. They were also reinforced by new men parachuted in from Russia during November 1941. Two of these, K. Nagy and Tito, Hungarians, were well known communist veterans of the Spanish Civil War. They were soon recognized as leaders of the "Partisans."

On instructions from the Communist International, these new leaders sent emissaries to Mihailovich with a proposition for future cooperation of all groups fighting the Germans. Their terms were that Mihailovich remain as commander-in-chief provided he recognize the supreme authority of a Communist Committee headed by Tito. Mihailovich at first ignored Tito's proposal, while reporting it to the Yugoslav government in London. Later, when the communist demands were repeated, Mihailovich answered that since he was personally held responsible for the conduct of the war by the constituted authorities in London, he could not agree to Tito's terms and saw no basis for further negotiation.

Tito's emissaries departed, predicting that Mihailovich would eventually be forced to accede to their demands, but promising that meanwhile they would support his actions against the Nazi enemy. After breaking off relations with the Committee, Mihailovich issued a proclamation to the people announcing that any change in the form of government must be determined by the people themselves after the war. He knows well, as do all who know the Serbs, that their history, traditions, and racial character make it impossible for them meekly to submit to orders, whether from Berlin or from Moscow.

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In February 1942, still another group of "leaders" was parachuted in from Russia, ostensibly to assist Mihailovich. Their first act was to execute the leading supporters of Mihailovich in Montenegro, where over a thousand men were brutally murdered by the "Partisans." The Montenegrins desperately appealed to Mihailovich for help. The latter delegated the task of restoring order to Colonel Baya Stanishich, the man who had defeated the Croats at Mostar. After a few days of skirmishing the communists were driven from Montenegro. A few were caught, tried, found guilty of murder, and publicly executed. The leaders escaped into Bosnia. There they told the people that they were being pursued by the Croatian Ustashi. By this ruse, since the Serbs there were being persecuted by the Ustashi, the communists were able to recruit a few hundred followers.

Now comes the most deplorable chapter of this chronicle. Watching these events, Hitler's "Independent State of Croatia" decided that these communist units could be of use to them in their fight against Mihailovich who must be beaten down at any cost. The Government of Croatia, with the help of the Gestapo, made contact with some Croatian communists and negotiated an arrangement to fight together against Mihailovich, the man who was at once Hitler's most hated enemy and the enemy of "Partisan" disruption and murder behind his own lines.

This strange temporary alliance of Nazis and communists staged a grotesque farce advertised by the communist press throughout the world as the "Bihac Congress." Toward the end of 1942, a bewildered but credulous Allied world learned that a "Constituent Assembly" of Hitler's enemies in Yugoslavia had been held in Bihac. This town of 3,000 is in western Bosnia about forty miles from Banja Luka, the place selected by the traitor Pavelich to be the interim capital (since they feared Zagreb would be bombed) of the "Independent State of Croatia."

Apparently some sort of meeting was actually held at Bihac. But it must have been held with the consent and cooperation of the Gestapo and the Ustashi, who maintain a strong outpost thirty miles from Bihac. The invitation to the Congress was publicly sent out weeks in advance of the appointed time. Yet somehow, the delegates, including the septuagenarian Ivan Ribar, allegedly President of this "Constituent Assembly," came and went through the enemy lines on

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an enemy-controlled railroad! Bihac was not molested during the idyllic deliberations of the Assembly, although the Germans could easily have bombed it to pieces in a few minutes if they had wished to do so. There is no evidence that any of the delegates were arrested, interned, or even questioned — not even Ribar, who lives in Croatia and is well known to Hitler's authorities. Accounts of the Congress in the communist press even stated that the delegates were entertained by the Zagreb Symphony Orchestra, presumably loaned for the occasion by Ante Pavelich, Governor of Nazi-satellite Croatia!

IV

An account of the alleged proceedings of this largely mythical "Congress" is contained in a pamphlet issued in this country, dated January 15, 1943 and entitled unblushingly *The Truth About Yugoslavia: A Documentary Record.* The "documents" referred to are the phony pronouncements of phony or imaginary organizations, broadcast in most instances by a phony radio station. The only significantly true item in this imposture is that among the sponsors of the pamphlet is Louis Adamic, an American writer of Slovenian birth who seems to have been able to make himself the OWI's philosopher and guide in matters affecting American policy in the Balkans.

Mr. Adamic is the author of a pamphlet called *Inside Yugoslavia*, published last December, a condensed version of which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* In this pseudo-objective potpourri, combined equally of sentimental rhetoric and communist propaganda, we are given the measure of the man whose appointment as American representative in Yugoslavia following Allied occupation of the Balkans has been seriously mentioned. I can say with complete assurance that the Serbs will no more tolerate him than they could tolerate politicians who tried to sell them out to Hitler. His books, because of gratuitous insults to the Serbs, have been viewed with contempt in Serbia and Mr. Adamic is widely regarded as a Serb hater.

The Truth About Yugoslavia, sponsored by Mr. Adamic and others, was published by one Mirko Markovich, a captain in the Spanish Civil War who makes no secret of the fact that he studied at the propaganda school in Moscow. Typical of the absurd inventions contained in this pamphlet is the "Conference of Anti-fascist Women," supposedly held at an un-

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designated place on December 7, 1942. This conference is purported to have assembled 160 delegates from various organizations and some four hundred guests. The description makes it appear that in this part of Nazi-held Europe, in contrast with all other parts, social freedom and political safety for anti-Nazis prevail. The pamphlet actually states that "resolutions were adopted. Hundreds of organizations of the anti-fascist Women's Front were founded in all parts of the country, in the towns and villages. . . . The central organ of the Women's Anti-fascist Front, *Women Today*, appears regularly."

The paper *Women Today* is nonexistent, like the organizations of which it is supposed to be the organ. No regular paper of any kind is published in the "liberated" regions, and the papers under enemy control are of course censored. I can well believe, however, that the alleged "Conference of Anti-fascist Women" did send a greeting to Mrs. Roosevelt *via* the "Free Yugoslavia" radio station.

This mysterious station has been located by competent radio technicians, who place it approximately 600 miles east of Yugoslavia, in the exact latitude and longitude of Tiflis, Russia!

No modern movement is complete without a Youth Congress, so there had to be a Yugoslav Youth Congress, too. This was supposedly convened at Bihac on December 27, 1942. This also materialized through the magic of the "Free Yugoslavia" radio station in Russia, which broadcast to the youth of Britain and America a denunciation of the "Chetnik traitors of Mihailovich." But the concocters of this invention unfortunately were careless about their dates. By Christmas of 1942 the Germans and the Croat Ustashi, feeling that their tool, the Partisan "Congress," had served its purpose by smearing Mihailovich, had already moved back into Bihac and contemptuously sent their recent collaborators packing.

Applying the well-known Hitler principle that the bigger the lie the easier it is to get it believed, the communists and their collaborators have run wild, both in inflating the performance of the "Partisans" and in smearing Mihailovich. Vainly the Yugoslav government in London and the Embassy in this country tried to stem the tide of slander and obscuration. In December 1942, while the Partisan leaders were cooperating with the Croat Ustashi and the Gestapo against Mihailovich, the General informed his government

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that a Croat communist, one Zdenko Reich (Veljko Rajic), had been sent to Switzerland to spread false information among the American correspondents there. The Yugoslav Embassy released Mihailovich's warning, but it went unheeded, for subsequently a veritable torrent of falsifications against Mihailovich poured out of Berne.

When the forces of the United Nations launch the invasion of Europe they will find in place of the vaunted Partisan armies only paper resolutions of phony congresses, and the wordy broadcasts of the Tiflis radio. The few hundred Partisans who have remained after being discarded by their Gestapo and Ustashi associates are now in hiding from the peasants whom they have tricked and outraged. *It was these same Partisans who seized a group of six British officers, including my friend Terence Atherton, and executed them on the ground that they were bringing "undesired influence" from Cairo. It is these same Partisans who were urging the inhabitants of Fiume and the Adriatic coast to resist the invasion of the Allies and to wait for the Russians.*

But in breaking into the Balkans, fortunately, we do not need to depend on such irresponsible and treacherous elements. For we have there, ready, prepared, and waiting for the signal to strike, the finest force that any invading army could hope for. We have Draja Mihailovich with his standing army of 50,000 men which will be immediately increased to 200,000 trained and battle-tested regulars and Chetniks.

In the last war Serbia was the first country in Europe to throw off the German invader; history is likely to repeat itself. Mihailovich and his Chetniks have stood for almost two years — alone, undaunted, against all the force that Germany, Italy, Croatia, Hungary, Bulgaria and the communist Partisans could bring against him. He has kept hope and faith in an Allied democratic victory burning in the heart of the Balkans. He will be as important in building the peace as in finishing the war.

The fortress of Europe has a key — and its name is Mihailovich. If those who have sought to smear him have their way, the key will be ignored or lost. It is in the firm determination to prevent such a catastrophe, and its attendant cost in American lives, that this story of the communist slander campaign against the Serbian hero was written.

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EPISODE IN TUNISIA

By Darryl F. Zanuck

I CANNOT tell you his name. Regulations do not permit it and, as a matter of fact, it would hardly be fair, as I saw him in what was undoubtedly one of the darkest hours of his life. He was a General Officer with more than one star on his shoulder. Tall, lean, almost bald, he was, I imagine, not far from the retirement age. What he lacked in youthfulness, however, was more than compensated by his spirit and an almost fanatical capacity for work. When younger officers on his staff would fold up out of sheer exhaustion and the lack of anything even resembling sleep, you could invariably find him bending over his battle maps in the candlelight, struggling with the bitter, multiple problems of attack and counter-attack.

We had established temporary headquarters in a farmhouse almost midway between Medjez El Bab and Tebourba. We were the armored spearhead of one prong of the Allied attack aimed at Tunis, some twenty miles to the east. This same farmhouse with its picturesque cobblestone courtyard and vine-clustered veranda had previously served as Axis Headquarters. They had dug rather elaborate slit-trenches in the adjoining orchard and alongside a cactus grove which we now occupied. Everywhere you could see signs of their hasty retreat: a freshly filled canteen hanging from the limb of a eucalyptus tree, discarded odds and ends of khaki-colored Afrika Korps uniforms.

Until now we had encountered only moderate enemy resistance on the ground. In the air, it was a different matter. The Luftwaffe had taken full advantage of our lengthened supply lines and the fact that our aerial support was operating from distant, half-completed fields, while the Nazis had at their dis-

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posal the four or five concrete runways at Bizerte and Tunis, to say nothing of what they had at Sicily and Sardinia. The most courageous foot-soldier must eventually and invariably crack under constant, unopposed strafing. If he is continually compelled to hug the earth or run for cover (and it is idiotic suicide if he doesn't), he obviously cannot either function or fight.

This, then, was our position during the first part of December. The Germans threw the weight of their armor at our spearhead and, while we beat them off and compelled them to withdraw with sizable losses, the realization that we were out on a limb was undeniable. We had gambled on a rapid, practically unopposed thrust at Tunis itself — and we had lost. Three days of torrential downpour, which had grounded our as yet undeveloped aerial support and forced our tanks to stay on the hard surface of the roads where they were plainly visible targets, turned the fortunes of war against us.

I am sure the General sensed it long before the rest of us. He didn't say much (he never did) and, I think that despite it all, he still held out hope that he could somehow pull us out of the bag. At our advanced observation post on a hillside overlooking Tebourba, he and his Deputy Chief of Staff personally directed what was to be (although I didn't know it then) our final attempt at a break-through. The boys fought bitterly and well. We were, to be sure, green troops. No amount of training — no matter how realistic, intensive or thorough — can teach the lessons learned in an hour of actual combat. The wild overlapping fury of sound, the shudder of the bombed earth, the sight of blood and lifeless bodies and the smell of death are products of war and war alone.

Throughout the day it became ever more apparent that the Nazis had dug in and were determined to retreat no further. They had snipers and paratroopers on the side hills and in the orchards behind our forward positions. Late in the afternoon they penetrated our flank with a sudden tank thrust which failed and finally withdrew but nevertheless came within a cat's whisker of cutting us off. The one and only road, up which must come our supply and support vehicles, was under almost constant low-level strafing attack. Columns of heavy black smoke hung in the still air and blotted out the fading light. Even when the cross-fire was most intense and the hot breath of battle singed their necks, our men never budged. They fought till

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darkness came and they could no longer see their targets. It started to rain. Men huddled alongside their guns, under machines or sought the shelter of scrub trees as they ate cold emergency rations and wondered what the darkness would bring. Armored ambulances sneaked up cautiously to the assembly area and took away the wounded.

II

Back at Headquarters, the General paced up and down in the tiny farmhouse parlor. Staff Officers and Regimental Commanders, most of whom had been in the thick of it all day themselves, stood aside in groups or squatted on the floor, talking in whispers. Unshaven, sleepy-eyed, their field uniforms caked with mud, they looked in the flickering candlelight like men who had gone through hell, and so they had. An orderly came in from the Signal Section which was in the adjoining room and left a pot of coffee on the only table. The men helped themselves. The General had stopped pacing now and was studying the map again, off to one side by himself. A Lieutenant Colonel, with a soiled bandage on his wrist, stretched out on a couch, covering his face with his helmet to shut off the light.

We were waiting for news. All of us knew that very soon a decision must be reached. It would come to us from Division Headquarters, somewhere in the rear. So far we had not backed up an inch, but without strong reinforcements and equality in the air, our future as a striking force hung in the balance. Everyone knew that the Old Man sickened at the thought of being the first American commander forced to withdraw.

The door to the Signal Section opened and we instinctively knew that the moment had come. You could have heard a pin drop as the CSO crossed the room and handed the dispatch to the General. The officers rose in silence, even the man on the couch. You could feel the tenseness as the Old Man quietly studied the message, holding it away from him at arm's length to the light of the candle. His face was expressionless, and the emotion he must have felt he kept to himself. I remained against the wall in the shadows, feeling like an intruder, yet just as anxious for the decision as those more directly concerned. The Old Man handed the message back to the CSO, motioned for his officers to come closer, and in a quiet voice said:

"We are ordered to withdraw. You will communicate this order

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to your respective units and we will proceed at eighteen hours according to plan."

It was all over like that. I went out with the other officers and did not see the General again until several hours later. It was raining quite heavily now and the roads were bogged down. The first vehicles were withdrawing in the direction of Medjez El Bab. I caught glimpses of silent, tense faces in trucks and tanks. It was an orderly withdrawal, calm and businesslike. The Old Man stood at the side of the road with a group of officers, watching the procession and issuing quiet orders. After a while, he climbed into a waiting half-track, took one *last* look back down the road in the direction of Tunis, then drove off into the darkness and rain.

Months later in Washington, out of curiosity, I looked up the newspaper accounts of this episode. They read substantially as follows:

"*Nothing to report last night except scattered enemy patrols. At one point we withdrew to prepared positions.*"

LAMENTATIONS

A Prose Poem

By David Pinski

I.

We lament the two million Jews who have perished at the hands of the murderer, the two million who were brutally torn out of our life. The two million men and women, old and young, children, infants at their mother's breast and babes yet unborn. The thousands upon thousands who perished by water and fire, by whip and bayonet, by hunger and thirst and the living grave, by slow torture and sudden death. We lament the thousands who gasped their last agonized breath in close-packed

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trains filled with fumes of chloride of lime, the thousands who were suffocated by the deadly gases of the sulphur mines into which they were forced and the lethal death chambers into which they were herded. The thousands who were burned to death in crematoriums reserved for the dead, the thousands who died a slow agonizing death from air bubbles injected into their veins. We lament the hundreds of sick children who were slain in their hospital beds, together with their nurses and teachers. We lament the two million Jews who perished amid all the agonies of our martyrs of ages past and amid new ones invented by Hitler's fiends.

Woe to us!

2.

We lament ourselves, who live here in security and hide ourselves in towers of ivory, who seek daily our pleasures and diversions and lie snugly at night in our beds. Ourselves, who passed by the death of these two million, and on the day of mourning forgot to mourn, and let that day be as all other days. Ourselves who forget the three million still in the talons of the arch fiend, and close our ears to their cries of agony. Ourselves, bickering, disunited, without leadership or plan, without strength or will, when three million more souls are to be wiped out. Ourselves who were not aroused by this Jewish tragedy and are doing nothing to arouse the world. Ourselves, who do not even know our shame.

Woe to us!

The author is one of the foremost Yiddish playwrights. These *Lamentations*, done in medieval style, were translated by his wife, Anna K. Pinski.

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▶ *The supersalesman of Success, Big Names and Big Thoughts.*

HOW DALE CARNEGIE MADE FRIENDS, Etc.

By Adolph E. Meyer

All the signs indicate that when the Lord created Dale Carnegie some fifty-five years ago, He was bent on making a man destined to become a Leader and a Success. To enable Dale eventually to assail such heights, naturally, he had to start at the bottom, which, to be precise, was an obscure spot close to the bullrushes of the 102 River in the unsullied town of Maryville, Missouri. His father was a farmer, hard-working but poor. His mother was an idealist and a Methodist, who perked up her spirits with frequent hymns, praying fervently for the day when her son would be anointed a bishop or at least a missionary. Her good wish remained unfulfilled, Dale never getting any closer to ecclesiastic eminence than the YMCA. Both Dale and his parents have been reconciled to this harsh dictate of fate, and have frequently issued assurances that as founder and president of the Carnegie Institute for Adult Education and its successor, the Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations, he has achieved at least a moral and social equivalent. Economically, of course, there can be no comparison.

If Dale Carnegie is today a kingpin in American culture — B.Pd., BCS, FRGS, and even D.Litt. from the Maryland College for Women — it is no mere accident. As he has himself taken pains to explain, his greatness rests on Hard Work and Study plus Attention to the Little Things. Very early in life, when other boys were frittering away their time in games, or even idleness, Dale was being trained by his mother to recite Christian odes at Sunday School festivals. His knowledge of Practical Psychology, one of the specialties of his Institute, first came to him in private conversations with one of his pedagogues who himself,

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alas, was destined to become a Pullman conductor.

Carnegie's interest in Human Relations, wherein, again, he is an outstanding authority, was first kindled by a stranger from Philadelphia. Injured in a wreck not far from the Carnegie home, it was he who generated in Dale the vision that people are brothers and that, as Carnegie exclaimed at the time, even Philadelphians "don't look any different than people right here in Missouri." His pursuits at the Warrensburg State Teachers College, unfortunately, were not too incandescent — at least not in the beginning. Had it not been for a Chautauqua philosopher, in fact, young Carnegie might never have become Big and Important. It was this Chautauqua master who proved to young Dale that anybody could be a Success. "When I realized," Dale later confided, "that he had been a poor farm boy like me, why it gave me the idea that I might amount to something some day." Almost at once Carnegie's insignificance began to recede. Using the Chautauquan as his model, he acquired most of his rhetorical tricks. In addition, he began to fling off quotations from Lincoln, and learned by heart such gems as *The Boy Orator of Zapata*. Soon he was mowing down his opponents to win debates for his Alma Mater.

That a man of his forensic talents should eventually turn to salesmanship is understandable. With his faith in education, moreover, it was not unnatural that he should become a cultural vendor for the International Correspondence Schools. His first sale, a course in engineering, was quick and easy. The buyer was a telephone linesman perched on top of his pole in Alliance, Nebraska, a town which Dale ever since has held in reverence, and which he has dutifully revisited. Unhappily, his first sale was also his last, and before long his intellectual employers were forced to let him go.

Another man under such circumstances might have been shaken by un-Christian doubts, and for a while even Dale Carnegie felt the nibbling of despair. Yet he never forgot the Message he had imbibed from Chautauqua. Nor did he lose his faith in Practical Psychology and Human Relations. Reading all available treatises on these subjects, and more determined than ever to Be Somebody, he now trekked to Omaha to work for Armour & Company, selling their bacons and hams. His Armour period is notable for the fact that at this time he learned how to sign his name at one swoop without lifting his pen from

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the paper — a trick which he rates highly among his accomplishments. It was an idea he acquired from his chief, an Important Man and a Success. Then, as now, Dale was convinced that a successful man, like a king, can do no wrong.

II

But deep down in his heart Dale was still unsatisfied. True enough, his employer had ungrudgingly admitted that Dale had "achieved what seemed impossible," and that he was on the main road to Big Things. But what he craved now, even more than business glory, was to be a Leader. Practical Psychology, Human Relations, and Effective Speaking had never lost their magnetic pull. These, he felt, were the real tools of destiny.

With such high goals jutting out of his horizon, he boarded a train for Boston where, by concentrating on Public Speaking, he hoped in due course to be competent enough to become a high priest at the shrine of Chautauqua. But Providence, frowning openly on this ambition, induced Dale to take the advice of a traveling companion, a gentleman of the cloth and also somewhat of a vocational guide. Confessing a great admiration for the stage, the benign cleric persuaded Dale to go straight to New York to enrol in the Academy of Dramatic Arts. After considerable panting and sweating, he appeared professionally in the provinces, acting as Doctor Hartley in *Polly of the Circus*. Ever since, Dale has been able to combine his work with a first-class showmanship.

The year 1912, momentous in many ways, was also marked by destiny for the start of the modern Dale Carnegie. In that year, as a member of the YMCA faculty, he launched himself as a teacher of public speaking. Almost at the same time he betook himself to New York University's famous School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, where he signed up for a course in Short-Story Writing. His professor, quick to discern talent, gave Dale a 95 per cent for the course and predicted that his student was due for Big Things. Nor was the professor's trust misplaced. For soon essays began to flow from Carnegie's pen. They found their way to the pages of the *World Outlook*, the *American Magazine* and the *Illustrated World*. They dealt with such matters as "America's Champion Money Raiser," "How I Laid the Foundation for a Big Salary," "The Money Made in Writing for the Movies" and "Rich Prizes for Playwrights." Though

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these essays on the surface deal with the sordid subject of cash, Carnegie prefers to think of them as being about people. Subsequently his titles did become somewhat more explicit in this respect, as witness: "How to Make Your Husband's Friends Like You," "We Have With Us Tonight" and "Funny Man Fields." These later confections adorn the late, lamented *Pictorial Review*, the *Rotarian* and the *Scholastic*.

Carnegie for a long time had also been harassed by the urge to write a book. His burdens on the Y faculty, as well as his activities as a scholar and essayist, delayed this achievement but finally, in 1926, he managed to create his *Public Speaking and Influencing Men in Business*. It is the "Official Text of the United YMCA Schools, the American Institute of Banking, and the National Institute of Credit." It is also a required textbook in Carnegie's Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations. The volume offers only fragmentary glimpses of the real Dale Carnegie, such as advice on Developing Courage and Self-Confidence, Capturing Your Audience at Once, How To Be Impressive and Convincing, and How to Get Action. There are also copious passages from such philosophers as William Jennings Bryan, Rudyard Kipling, Elbert Hubbard, Plautus and Harry Overstreet. For good measure there are full reproductions of Russell Conwell's undying *Acres of Diamonds*, Hubbard's *Message to Garcia* and James Allen's *As a Man Thinketh*.

Dale's initial plunge into book-writing had been made for the benefit of his scholars in public speaking, and was not, of course, for the general public. His subsequent literary efforts were much broader in scope. They comprised such treatises as *Lincoln the Unknown*, *Little Known Facts About Well Known People*, *Five-Minute Biographies* and, of course, his masterpiece, *How To Win Friends and Influence People*. These books obviously fall into the field of Human Relations. Most of them, including the one on Lincoln, were written because the majority of Americans seem to be lamentably ignorant of their Great Men. Lincoln is Carnegie's special guide. Whenever in doubt the thing to do is "to pull a five-dollar bill out of our pocket, look at Lincoln's picture on the bill, and ask 'How would Lincoln handle this problem if he had it?'" Carnegie's study of Lincoln the Unknown, Dale has always proclaimed to be "strictly autobiographical in every respect," as much

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a study of himself, apparently, as of the Great Emancipator.

Carnegie's greatest contribution to letters, his *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, was embalmed in type late in 1936. To date there have been forty-six editions. It has also been made available for the small taxpayer in a 25 cent paper-covered version. All in all it has been purchased by some three million Americans in quest of influence and friends. Dedicated "to a man who doesn't need to read it," Homer Croy, the book is a distillation of Socrates, Lincoln, Ford, Theodore Roosevelt's colored valet, Schumann-Heink, Buddha, Jim Farley, Confucius and countless others. Revealing some of his hard-won professional secrets, Carnegie tells How To Make People Like You Instantly, How To Make People Be Glad To Do What You Want, How To Make A Good Impression, and How To Spur Men To Success. He offers a dozen Ways To Win People To Your Way Of Thinking and nine Ways To Change People Without Giving Offense. Equally magnanimous in dispensing advice on matrimony, Dale has set down seven rules for Making Your Home Life Happier. Specifically, he tells one how to Love and Let Live, how to Make Everybody Happy and above all how to avoid being "A Marriage Illiterate."

With so much marital wisdom at his disposal, Carnegie, one might think enviably, dwells in a home of bliss, attended by an adoring spouse and surrounded by eager, laughing children. The sad fact, alas, is that Dale prefers to be known as a bachelor. Like a good many other sociologists and psychologists he has found that his matrimonial principles, though grounded on strict, incontrovertible, scientific facts, were not workable in the temperature of his own matrimonial life, so that after ten years of married life, divorce once more made Dale a bachelor.

III

Dale Carnegie's Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations has not lagged behind his literary triumphs. Even in these days of war, business at the Institute is booming. Long ago, when Carnegie's classrooms at the Y began to be too small to contain the hordes of eager scholars, Dale transferred his oratory to larger places. He has not yet employed Madison Square Garden or one of the armories, but he has filled the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Pennsylvania, and like Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington

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and other artists, has exhibited his magic at Carnegie Hall. With his rental of the Hall that bears his name, Dale appropriated the spelling he now uses. Once it had been Carnagie, and all of his early writings appear thus adorned. It seems that one day Homer Croy and Dale were taking a walk "in a beech forest on the outskirts of Interlaken, Switzerland," and Homer persuaded Dale to spell his name "in a way that would be easy to remember."

At the start the Institute was prepared to do only a few things for mankind. In the booming Twenties Dale had increased this to ten. In the Thirties they had expanded to a dozen. Today the Carnegie Training will do at least fifteen things for its disciples. Carnegie promises to train you "so that you can think on your feet, and can address business conferences, clubs, organizations, dinners."

He is prepared to "give you increased poise, polish and personal force." He is able to "increase your knowledge of practical psychology, your skill in human relations, so that you can get more co-operation, win more friends." He is willing to help you "prepare for leadership," "to write more effective letters" and to "inspire you to read more worthwhile books." But above everything else he promises to "develop your latent powers, improve your personality, and enrich your life."

Dale naturally is too busy to do all these things in person, and has had to divide the educational process into minute parts. There are, for example, two kinds of sessions, the Dinner Session which convenes at various hotels, and the regular, straight session without gastronomic accompaniment. Each course has sixteen meetings, and each seance has a special title. Thus Session Number Two of the Dinner Division is the Developing Courage Session, while Number Seven is dedicated to Eliminating Word Whiskers. Number Fourteen is entitled What I Got Out of the Course Contest; Number Sixteen is the Commencement Banquet. The Dinnerless Session specializes, among other things, in the Thinking on Your Feet Session, the Magic Formula Session, and the Crashing Through Session. It also tells you How To Win Friends and What To Do About Heckling. The last Session is a Commencement Banquet.

To enable Carnegie to spread his spell to all corners of the land, he has appointed Class Directors and Area Managers. The former are

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alumni who "guide you through the dinner session." The latter are "carefully selected, trained and licensed to offer and conduct the Dale Carnegie program in your city." Like Yale, California, and other institutions of higher learning doing a chainstore business, Dale believes in Extension Work, his courses having been offered before such bodies as the New York Telephone Company, the New York Athletic Club, the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, the Lions Club of Martinsburg, West Virginia, the Cornell Club, the Queens Borough Lodge, BPOE, New York, the Jersey Central Power and Light Company, the Junior League of New York and swarms of others.

A good part of Carnegie's wisdom comes from reading. For some of it, however, he is indebted to personal interviews. While working on Friends and Influences, and even before, he personally interviewed Guglielmo Marconi, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, Clark Gable, Mary Pickford, Martin Johnson, and other "scores of successful people." Some of his reading is done for him by hirelings. Some of his knowledge comes in more devious ways. It is reported, for example, how once he dreamed he was talking to Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. When he asked her how her husband was, she replied, "He's dead." The next morning, when he peered into the paper, headlines conveyed the news of Andrew Carnegie's death during the previous night.

IV

Of slight stature and bespectacled, Dale Carnegie would be lost in a crowd were it not for his perpetual effervescence and his ever-ready handshake. When introduced to a stranger he throws off the impression of smoothness, having all the organized charm of a Sunday School Superintendent. He photographs well and is not averse to facing a camera. Of his numerous poses he seems to prefer those portraying him as a Man of Action. Thus he may be seen fingering a book, or gesticulating before his spellbound students, or even in the process of buying a glass of lemonade. He has also been pictured paying Attention to the Little Things, such as the plants in his window boxes. His clothes are neat and have an expensive air, yet they are of modest cut and color, not unlike the robes worn by distinguished bankers and successful embalmers. But now and then Dale's individuality, triumphantly

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putting sartorial conservatism to rout, will assert itself with a tie that flashes like a lighthouse.

His voice is a soft drawl, at times nasal, but always with perceptible traces of the Missouri motherland. Despite his learned works on public speaking, Dale is something of an oratorical disappointment. That he should fail to make his mark as a Demosthenes, however, should be no cause for wonder, for he himself has assured us that "few people make a brilliant speech." Even as a conversationalist our expert on Friends, Influences and Success is, alas, not too lustrous. But he does manage on occasion to get attention by making startling pronouncements. Sometimes he will want to know "What prevents you from becoming an idiot?" In response to your bewildered "I don't know," he will inform you that it's just "a nickel's worth of iodine." Then he will expound on the miracles of the human thyroid.

Although Carnegie advises his clientele not to argue, he is a persistent violator of this precept. He is, indeed, as argumentative as a law student, though somewhat more polite. In general he gets along with people, and one of his grateful graduates has even composed a *Dale Carnegie March*, which begins with this strophe:

Oh, what a change in life has come to me
Since I have joined the course by Dale Car-ne-gie,
I've got-ten rid of that old bluff called fear,
Now I know the goal is near.

A man of action like Dale obviously cannot tolerate idleness; though he is well-heeled and has no fears, he still works at high pressure. Long ago he tried to dispense his magic over the radio, beginning his program with the theme song about stouthearted men. Even before the oracular Mr. Anthony appeared on the national networks, Dale was hoping to do a similar job. Unfortunately his efforts as a one-man good-will court didn't click. Recently he has gone back on the air, this time offering the Republic his *Little Known Facts About Well Known People*. He reveals that Luther Burbank was "an amazing fellow," and that Clara (*sic*) Boothe Luce deserves a place on his program as well as Stalin. His repertoire also includes Napoleon and Josephine. Before the microphone, unfortunately, Dale assuredly is not the same Carnegie one beholds at a Dinner Session. There, with an appreciative audience to kindle his glow, he becomes the real Carnegie — the Carnegie with the Alert Posture and the Self-Confident Air.

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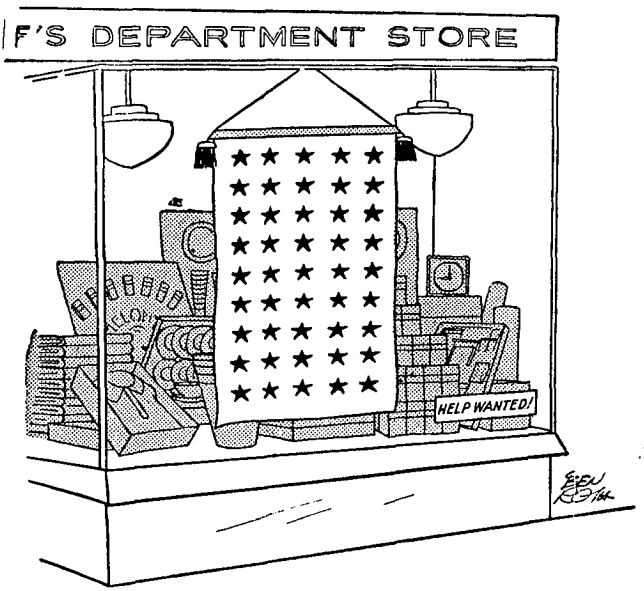
At fifty-five Dale is somewhat saddened by the fact that his years make it impossible for him to be a stouthearted man playing an active part in the war. He is comforted in the knowledge that in his own way he is contributing to victory. When the Army Air Force adopted his book on *How to Win Friends*, he frankly admitted his great respect for the Army. Dale firmly believes that our army should be democratic, and that the human relationships between officers and men should be based on understanding. "When every officer in our army knows the birthdays of his men's sisters, then we will be fighting the war," he declares. "That is real leadership." Meanwhile he is busily writing another book. Its tentative title, *How to Conquer Fear and Discouragement*, indicates its significance.



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▶ *Exiled brains and exiled special talents are*

HITLER'S GIFT TO AMERICA

By Martin Gumpert

One of Adolf Hitler's most fateful achievements has been his suppression of brains in Europe. The extermination of intelligence in Germany, then in all of Europe, has been the very condition of Nazi power. Never before in history has a political régime shown itself so eager and so industrious in getting rid of creative forces on all levels and in all departments of human life.

Fortunately, the forces of intellect, outlawed in Europe, have tended to reassemble in the United States. Since 1933 about 250,000 European refugees of all faiths have settled in this country. It is a singular generation of immigrants, unlike all previous generations, in that it has been drawn almost entirely from the educated, the mechanically skilled, the scientifically trained, the artistically gifted. They belong to social and intellectual strata whose depletion is already being felt by the Nazis and will help them lose their mad war. Hitler's outcasts have become gifts to America.

A few may go back when the Nazi scourge is ended, but the overwhelming majority have transferred their special skills and talents and accumulated knowledge permanently to America. A voluntary survey of "Alien Specialized Personnel" made by Dr. Fausto Pitigliani with the assistance of the National Refugee Service shows that of 2,500 enrolled on its roster, 96 per cent have applied for American citizenship; the other 4 per cent are almost all people who could not apply for technical reasons relating to the status of their residence.

Among these men and women we find a specialist in high explosives who for more than thirty years was the managing director of one of the largest powder plants in Europe.

MARTIN GUMPERT *is a physician and author. His books include* Trailblazers of Science, Henri Dunant: The Story of the Red Cross, Heil Hunger, *and* First Papers. *He lives in New York.*

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There is a specialist in the chemistry and physics of heat and pressure, internationally known as the innovator of new methods of ignition and combustion in internal combustion engines. The list includes the director of one of Europe's largest steam turbine factories; the head of the Scientific Department of the Bureau of Standards of a European nation; the technical manager of the famous Junkers airline system in Germany — the man who designed one of the most important transport planes before the war; a specialist in physiological-chemical research as applied to the preservation of blood plasma and blood substitutes; the head of one of the world's largest grain importing concerns and a ranking agricultural specialist; the former purchasing agent of the famous Fiat automobile works in Italy; the general manager of one of Germany's largest metallurgical plants. The survey adds up to a treasure-trove of special skills and talents of value to America in war or peace turned over to us by Nazi persecutions.

The Who's Who of exiled European culture is far too extensive to be compassed by an article. Literary men, in the nature of the case, have received most publicity and attention here; one recent best-seller list included three former German authors, all of whom are in the United States. But they are a small fraction in the total, which comprises scientists, medical leaders, industrial and commercial specialists of every type, economists, historians, educators, inventors and research geniuses — in short, all those who represent the brains of a modern society.

II

The transfer of so much creative energy in a brief period from one continent to another is an extraordinary fact with consequences beyond those immediately visible. It needs the greatness and vitality of a young nation like America to digest this accretion of skills without getting cramps. But it is already possible to state that the process of adaptation has been a happy one for the newcomers and their hosts alike. All over the United States — in colleges, universities, factories, laboratories, art schools, theatres, hospitals — mutilated European trees have taken new root; the branches, leaves and fruit are of distinctly American color.

The most obvious values of our spiritual inheritance from a shattered Europe may be indicated by

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reference to nine refugee Nobel Prize winners now in our midst. The German physicist James Franck now teaches at Chicago University, as does the Austrian physicist Victor Franz Hess. The Austrian physiologist Otto Loewi is at the New York University Medical School, and the great Italian physicist Enrico Fermi is also in this country. Otto Meyerhoff, German bio-chemist, and the Belgian dramatist and poet Maurice Maeterlinck are in America; and three others of the Nobel élite — Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann and Sigrid Undset — have become public figures in American life.

At a time of great stringency in the medical field, Hitler has sent us almost six thousand refugee physicians, among them some of the foremost medical innovators and explorers of our period. The great dearth of doctors in Germany offers an ironic comment on the suicidal aspect of Nazi barbarism. Despite the fact that many legalistic barriers stand between foreign trained physicians and practice in this country, America is slowly learning to utilize these men to its advantage; some three thousand are already serving in hospitals, laboratories and private practice, where they help to maintain civilian health on the home front. I list a few who come to mind at the moment.

Kurt Goldstein, who after World War I directed the first German hospital for brain injuries, is now teaching at Tufts College, Massachusetts. Other famous physicians from Germany are Siegfried Thannhauser in Boston and Otto Marburg in New York, and Robert Mayer, the Berlin gynecologist, at the University of Minnesota.

It is well to mention also the great number of political personalities driven to American shores by the fascist storm. Partly these are important only as living examples of blundering, weakness and appeasement; but these men also have brought for American use an intimate knowledge of the enemy which is being utilized for the strategic, economic and political advantage of the United Nations. The Office of Strategic Services utilizes the abilities of many of these newcomers.

America, however, has never been short of politicians. The lasting Hitler present to America must be estimated in terms of the arts and sciences, in themselves and as they affect the general culture of the land.

The Kaiser Wilhelm Institute was the most celebrated research organization in Germany. Some of

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its brains are now in England, but most are in the United States. Max Bergmann, formerly director of its Organic Division, is a member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, working on problems in biochemistry and organic chemistry. Walter Fuchs, director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Coal Research, is on the staff of the Pennsylvania State College's Mineral Industry Experiment Station. Richard Goldschmidt, formerly director of the Institute's Division of Biology and one of the world's best known experts on heredity, is professor of zoology at the University of California, and Max Rheinstein, of the University of Berlin and the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for International Private Law, teaches at the University of Chicago. Kasimir Fajans, director of the Institute for Physico-Chemistry at the University of Munich, is now at the University of Michigan. The former director of the Research Institute Georg Speyer House for Chemo-therapy in Frankfurt-on-Main, whose predecessor was Paul Ehrlich, discoverer of salvarsan, works in Washington, D. C. Ernst Berl, of Vienna and Darmstadt, is research professor at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Dr. Bela Schick, who gave his name to the famous Schick Test, is at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, and Dr. Rudolph Schindler, inventor of the gastroscope, is also in America.

The New School for Social Research and its University in Exile, in New York, have brought together a large number of refugee scientists from many European countries. Among their outstanding professors are Max Ascoli, formerly of Rome, who teaches legal and political philosophy; Marcel Barzin, formerly of Brussels, who teaches philosophy; Hans Staudinger, formerly Secretary of State in the Prussian Ministry of Trade and Industry, who teaches economics; Gerhard Colm, formerly professor of economics in Kiel, who teaches the same subject at the New School and also fills an important government position in Washington.

Other notable members of the New School faculty are Julius Hirsch, who was professor of business marketing and economics in Cologne and Berlin; Richard Schueller, who was professor of economics in Vienna; Max Wertheimer, the Gestalt psychologist; Henri Gregoire, who was professor at the Universities of Liége and Brussels, and is a world-famous authority on Byzantine history; An-

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dré Spira, professor of literature at the Sorbonne; Fernando de los Rios, formerly rector of the University of Madrid and Spanish Ambassador to the United States from 1936 to 1939; and Adolph Lowe, formerly of the Weltwirtschaftliche Institut in Kiel.

Hans Kelsen, one of Europe's best-known legal authorities and formerly of the Universities of Vienna, Cologne, Geneva, and Prague, teaches the philosophy of law at Harvard; Arthur Nussbaum teaches law at Columbia; Boris Nikolayevsky, director of the Institute for Social History in Paris, works in Washington; and Hans von Hentig, a celebrated German criminologist, has a position with the Federal government. Erwin Panowsky, formerly director of the Institute of Fine Arts at the University of Hamburg, is at Princeton; Paul Tillich is at the Union Theological Seminary in New York; and Karl August Wittfogel, of Berlin, is professor of Chinese history at Columbia.

I mention only in passing such men as the Italian historians Gaetano Salvemini and Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, the mathematicians Hermann Weyl and Richard Courant, the archeologist Ernst Herzfeld, the French philosopher Jacques Maritain, the French historian Henri Francillon, the French physician Henri Logier, the economist Louis Marlio, — all too well known to need extended comment. There is, furthermore, a great number of Polish scientists of rank in this country.

Some of the most celebrated modern German architects, including the organizers of the Bauhaus in Dessau, are among us — Walter Gropius teaches at Harvard, Marcel Breuer and the famous Dutch architect Mies von der Rohe teach at Chicago.

Among painters we find the early German self-exile George Grosz, also Lionel Feininger and Eugen Spiro. The Frenchmen Fernand Leger, Marc Chagall, Amadee Ozenfant, André Masson, Yves Tanguy, the sculptor Jacques Lipchitz and a host of orthodox artists and surrealists are also in this country.

The writers, musicians, and actors are far too numerous to mention except briefly. France has sent André Maurois, Jules Romains, Antoine de St. Exupéry, Henri Bernstein, Julien Green. Germany has sent the Mann family, Franz Werfel, Lion Feuchtwanger, Eric Remarque, Bert Brecht, Ferdinand Bruckner, Bruno Frank, Leonhard Frank, Emil Ludwig, and scores of less known writers of rank.

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III

In the field of music and the dramatic arts we find many borderline cases: famous artists from Axis countries who made their home in the United States before Hitler but who either could not go back for racial reasons or would not go back for political reasons. Among the conductors are Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, Fritz Stiedry, and Fritz Busch. The Russian composer Igor Stravinsky, the French Darius Milhaud, the German Paul Hindemith, the Austrians Arnold Schönberg and Erich Wolfgang Korngold, the Hungarian Bela Bartok, the Czech Jaromir Weinberger are all with us, as are such composers of songs, operettas, and cinema-music as Frederick Hollander, W. R. Heymann, Franz Waxmann, Ralph Benatzki, Robert Stolz, Oscar Strauss, Kurt Weill and Hans Eisler. In the realm of instrumentalists and vocalists there are the violinists Bronislaw Huberman, Erica Morini and Adolph Busch, the pianists Vladimir Horowitz, Rudolf Serkin, Arthur Schnabel and Robert Casadesus, the singers Elizabeth Rethberg, Hermann List, Frederick Schorr and Lotte Lehmann.

Hollywood got the biggest share, numerically, from Hitler: the producers and directors Ernst Lubitsch, Fritz Lang, William Dieterle, Max Reinhardt and his sons Wolfgang and Gottfried, the French Jean Renoir, René Clair, Julien Duvivier; the screen writers Billy Wilder, the author of *Ninotchka* and *The Major and the Minor*, Vicki Baum, Heinz Herald and Salka Viertel. Among the actors is the celebrated Albert Bassermann, now seventy-five years old, who with his first small part in *Paul Ehrlich* became a prominent figure on the American screen. Then there are Peter Lorre, Conrad Veidt, Oscar Homolka, Louise Rainer, Elizabeth Bergner, Hedy Lamarr, Gustav Herrnried, Lily Darvas, Francis Lederer, Felix Bressart, Soke Szakall and Martin Kosleck. The French newcomers include Charles Boyer, Victor Francen, Jean Gabin and Michelle Morgan. On Broadway Max Reinhardt and Otto Preminger have become successful producers, and Erwin Piscator manages an interesting experimental theatre at the New School for Social Research.

All of these artists, writers, and scientists had a long European past, all of them have a short American present, but almost all of them will have a long American future. Hitler will be forgotten, except by

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historians, but his gift to America will remain, enriching our culture for incalculable years to come.

The emphasis on famous and distinguished additions to the American population should not obscure the cumulative gift from Hitler represented by the mass of simple, obscure, honest and able folk whose names do not matter. Last November, the Board of Appeals on Visa Cases made a report to the President which merits more public attention than it received; it is a noteworthy document, liberal, generous and authentically American in spirit.

It attests formally that a considerable number of the refugees admitted "have a high degree of professional training . . . useful skills and important technical knowledge" and can therefore "contribute directly and immediately to the well-being of the nation." But it also declares:

> There are many others admitted who have not gained distinction. These worthy people, often humble people, have suffered grievously under Nazi tyranny. In a very large sense the admissions in this group are most significant. They exhibit the United States as having strength and courage to stand by its humanitarian ideals even in stress of war.

Burr Shafer

"Let's put Mr. Roosevelt over the fireplace and Mr. Willkie on the shelf."

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A CLEAN KITCHEN

A Story

By Noel Houston

Dr. Edwin Latham handed his ration books and a five-dollar bill to Mr. Wilson, the A. & P. manager. He did not count the change Mr. Wilson gave him in return. Thrusting the money and books into the right-hand pocket of his topcoat, he hurried out of the store with his brown market sack.

Besides the usual townspeople, the sidewalk scene was bright with naval aviation cadets in khaki and blue windbreakers. Walking rapidly, Dr. Latham kept his eyes fixed on the corner where a group of Negroes lounged in the March sun. He shouldered through the cadets, and happened not to stumble over three boys squatting on the walk tightening a bike's sprocket; somehow he avoided a leash stretched between a dog and its owner; he murmured a fragment of apology as he brushed against two pregnant women coming out of the 5 & 10. Catching Pegleg's eye, he lifted his chin in a beckoning motion. Pegleg stumped over to him.

Dr. Latham touched his trim gray mustache. "My wife wanted me to ask you again . . . ," he began.

"Yessuh, Doctuh Professuh, but I still ain't seen nobody. Most no 'count gal in town, look like, making thuty, thuty-five cents a hour wukking for these navy fam'lies. Ain't seen nobody at all."

Dr. Latham's face brightened. "That's all right, Pegleg. It's quite all right. My wife just wanted me to ask you."

His step was lighter as he started across the street. A convoy of heavy army trucks bore down upon him, the engines racing as the driv-

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NOEL HOUSTON *is an Oklahoman and a former newspaper man. His prize-winning play,* According to Law, *was well received by the New York critics. He now divides his time between writing fiction and plays. He has won two Rockefeller Fellowships and a Dramatists' Guild Fellowship.*

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ers changed gear to turn the corner, and Dr. Latham had to hurry to make the opposite curb. He left the walk for a path threading between the japonicas which bordered the university campus. By the time he had rounded Watt Music Hall and was headed for the opening between Hampton and Yates, the noises of the village main street had subsided.

Dr. Latham had often complained of the hideous incongruity of the university's gradually acquired buildings — Early Nineteenth Century Roman next to Victorian cupolas flanked by PWA Georgian. Today, however, he reflected, the edifices, seen through the misty-green branches of the oaks, somehow blended pleasingly. He heard the call of a cardinal in a clump of winter jasmine; and he almost smiled at a mischievous squirrel flustering a bevy of robins. In this part of the campus, at any rate, not even the sight of four naval officers descending Hampton's steps or the pair of army officers on a distant walk could affect the thoughtful, scholarly atmosphere.

As he passed under the brick arch of Center Wall, Dr. Latham was startled by an abrupt shout of "One, Two, Three, Four!" issuing from the throats of many men. Down paved Center Lane marched a battalion of aviation cadets. Dr. Latham clutched his sack to cross ahead of the officers leading the battalion. When he saw that he could not make it unless he ran, he resigned himself to waiting. The men went by smartly, marching at attention, but Dr. Latham's mind automatically clouded over with other thoughts, and he did not see them. Not until the men again broke out with that robot-like "One, Two, Three, Four!" did he realize that the end of the column had already passed him. The head of the column had turned to the left and was entering Threadgill — his old building.

Continuing on his way with lengthened steps, Dr. Latham told himself severely that he had too much to do before Becky got home to dawdle with the thought of how, at this very hour, he ordinarily would have been lecturing from behind his desk in old Room 21-A. However, let's see, this being the fourth day of the new term, he probably would have reached consideration of Anglo-Saxon indications. Müllenhoff. Oh yes; certainly. He had always been pleased with the way he speedily caught the attention of his students with that one, beginning, "Müllenhoff's earlier belief that the Beowulf

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poem originated inside of England was influenced largely by certain charters, such as a charter of Athelstan, found in the *Codex Diplomaticus*. Land grants in this charter actually do list a 'Beowan-hamme' and a 'Grendles mere', both in Wiltshire. Personally, I find that intriguing. In other charters of the period a 'Grindeles pytt' and a 'Grindles bec' are described as lying near Worcester. What would you say to that? These place names strongly indicate, wouldn't you say, that a Beowa-Grendel legend existed in Southern and Midland England? At least, in the tenth century. Nevertheless . . ."

II

A window on the second floor of Administration was thrown up. Miss Rigsby stuck her head out and looked down at him through the branches of a redbud tree. "Oh, Doctor! Dr. Latham! Dean Cochrane wonders if you'll come up a minute."

Dr. Latham scowled. He was in a hurry; he had important things to do. Didn't they imagine he might be in a hurry? He waved assent to Miss Rigsby and she pulled down the window.

Sitting in the chair beside the dean's crowded desk, Dr. Latham held his hat and sack in his lap and impatiently watched Dean Cochrane fill out some blue forms. He was conscious that his hair probably was not lying smooth. "Perhaps you're too busy . . . ," he murmured.

"No, no!" The pen raced across the pages. "Had a feeling you've been avoiding me, Eddie," Dean Cochrane added without looking up. He seemed to speak faster than he used to, clipping his words more. "I don't want you to think me an ogre at this late date."

"I don't know why I should think that, John," Dr. Latham replied stiffly.

The dean threw the papers into a letter basket and tossed the pen to one side. He turned in his swivel chair, smiling, his head cocked alertly. "Only six students. You'll have to admit your teaching load had become so light that to carry it on was hardly worthwhile."

"No doubt of that, I'm sure."

Dean Cochrane removed his glasses from his long, narrow nose and sighted through them. His right hand darted into a drawer for a tissue with which to polish the lenses. "War does strange things, Eddie. It's difficult to think of quiet Fred Turner as a captain in Africa. You know how many members of the faculty have surprised

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us like that. Too many, in fact. The Navy is pestering me to death for more instructors. They could use twice the number we have."

Dr. Latham said nothing.

Dean Cochrane's eyelids fluttered as he pinched on his glasses. He rolled the tissue into a ball. "Bill Hickam was in to see me day before yesterday. I found he had brushed up on his physics well enough. The Navy grabbed him — he began teaching this morning. Of course, Bill hates to see his anthropology dropped, but —." He flipped the tissue wad into a waste basket. "Remember the faculty meeting where I said it might not be a bad idea for professors in certain fields to bone up on physics or math — that we might lose all our students — be taken over by the Army or Navy?"

"I never got good marks in math," said Dr. Latham. "I never really understood it. And I don't know any physics."

Dean Cochrane frowned slightly, looking down at his clasped hands. "Well, that's that," he said. He glanced up with a smile. "I suppose we'll have to say, Eddie, that you're a one-track scholar. You selected your field and you mastered it. One thing about it, there's not a better man on Beowulf and Chaucer in the country."

"I never thought of it as unimportant," said Dr. Latham.

"Unimportant?" The inflection betrayed annoyance. "We both know that Beowulf and Chaucer are milestones in man's struggle for the liberation of his mind. The university has considered your subjects indispensable to an understanding of our civilization. Damn it, Eddie, don't make me sit here and tell you that."

"But they're not important now, are they?"

Dean Cochrane pursed his lips and did not reply for a moment. When he spoke, it was with hesitation. "A few years ago, Eddie, none of us foresaw that marching feet would tramp our shaded walks, any more than that the canning factory out on James Creek would become a munitions plant. Merchants of death, international big business, being a sucker — all of us felt the same way about those things, just as you and the present Mrs. Latham did. But I thought that possibly by this time you might have become — well — aroused. Especially in light of the fact that your wife — your charming young wife — is of Russian extraction."

Dr. Latham stirred restlessly. He had no leisure for exchanging views on war. He had work to do, and not enough time, really, to get it all

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done. Much as he didn't want to bother with it, they might as well come to the point.

"John, if I'm no longer of any use to the university . . ."

"Of no use?" Dean Cochrane got up and put a hand on Dr. Latham's shoulder. "A fine old scholar like you? Your tenure is for life, Eddie, at full pay. Until this mess is over, the university can afford to put you out to pasture."

A reflex of indignation brought Dr. Latham to his feet. Three oranges spilled out of his sack and rolled across the floor. He scrambled after them and recovered two. He was still searching for the third when Dean Cochrane, laughing, tossed it into his sack.

"I'll bet you've been itching to get back to research," said Dean Cochrane. "Here's your chance. Go to it. Get another book ready for us — one as good as your Finnesburg criticism. If I know you, you'll keep busy."

Miss Rigsby tapped once and opened the door. "Commander Grant is waiting . . ."

III

Descending the steps of Administration, Dr. Latham reached for the handrail, then took his hand away and walked down erect. He wasn't old. John Cochrane's opinion didn't matter. He wouldn't be sixty till June, and even sixty wasn't old any more. Just because Becky was only thirty-five, there was no point in making an unfair contrast. "Your charming young wife!" Perhaps some striplings had fancied him old when he married Becky. Becky, who at that time had been brilliantly earning her Ph.D. in sociology, had thought nothing of his fifty-two years. She had relished his vigorous maturity; she had sought his company and found it warm and exhilarating, for their thoughts ran excitingly in a common channel . . .

"Hold up, Mister. Not through there."

Dr. Latham blinked and found himself confronting a sign nailed to a post: "U. S. NAVY AREA, No Admittance Except On Official Business." A uniformed young man with S W on an armband stood beside the sign, idly swinging a billy.

Dr. Latham opened his mouth to say, "I've gone home this way for twenty years," but instead he mumbled, "That sign wasn't there an hour ago."

"That's right, Mister. New area. If you're trying to reach Clark Street, you'll have to go around that building — the library — down there."

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By the time Dr. Latham got home, he was almost trotting. He closed the front door and leaned back against it for a moment, enjoying the empty silence of the house. Then, with a sigh of relief, he hung his hat and topcoat on the clothes tree, and hurried into the kitchen with his sack.

He put the oranges and head of lettuce in the refrigerator. He took the brown wrappings off the sausage and chops before placing them in the meat tender. He was careful not to crack an egg while transferring them to the wire basket. He opened the bread box and tossed in the loaf of rye. The canned goods and cereal went to their proper shelves. He neatly stacked four bars of soap in the sink cabinet. A can of silver polish he placed precisely in the center of the counter.

His eyes lighted as they fell on the stack of dirty dishes. He put them in the sink and began running the hot water. Quickly he unbuttoned his coat and hung it on the back of a chair. He turned off the water. He took an apron from a nail in the pantry and slipped it over his head. As he sprinkled powdered soap into the dishwater, he began to whistle softly. It was tuneless, but gay, and he kept it up until the dishes were washed, dried, and put away.

Next, he got out all the silver and spread it on the counter. Drawing up a stool, he sat down and carefully read the instructions on the silver polish can. His expression was serious and intent as he began the work. He was astonished by the black that came off on the cloth. Becoming surer of himself, he worked faster and resumed the soft whistling. A lyric to go with the whistling started spinning through his mind. It went, "Dirty, dirty, dirty! — Clean, clean, clean!" over and over, like a West Saxon chant. When he had finished the silver, he could not bring himself to put away the glistening pile. He arranged it all in a display on the counter.

From the stove storage drawer he took a white bucket and set it in the sink to fill with hot water while he got the mop from the back step. The soap box did not say how much to put in, so he dumped in what he thought would be ample. Having mopped the linoleum, he discovered that he was standing in the dining room doorway, with no way to get rid of the mop and bucket except by going out the front door and around.

When he came back in, he was chilled. That reminded him about the living room fire. He wanted to have a fire laid even though he

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didn't get everything else done. Though it left the brass woodbox almost empty, he decided against bringing in more wood just then. Instead, he was drawn back to the kitchen, where he stood for a minute, admiring its sparkling cleanliness. He concluded that the white woodwork was not altogether clean. He would have to ask about the proper cleanser for it.

The dining room was in good order. He had made the beds upstairs before going to town, as well as putting clean towels in the bathroom and arranging Becky's dressing table — that would surprise her. The study and living room needed to have books and magazines picked up, pillows puffed, and probably a general dusting. Yes, certainly a dusting. He got a dustcloth from the stair closet and dusted all the furniture in both rooms as he straightened things. Suddenly, he chanted aloud, "Dirty, dirty, dirty! — Clean, clean, clean!"

He was standing in the center of the living room, breathing hard, eagerly searching for the next thing to be done, when he saw a car with half a dozen women in it pull up in front. Becky got out and waved a smiling farewell.

Dr. Latham knelt and put a match to the fire. His eyes darted around the room in a final inspection. The bridge lamp shade was slightly askew. He leaped to straighten it. As Becky came in, he swung around in mock surprise.

She saw his apron and laughed. "Hello, housewife." She let her squirrel coat, which was thrown over her shoulders, slip down on the sofa behind her. She looked small and boyish in her slacks and locomotive engineer's cap. Her brown eyes were bright, but there were lines of weariness around them and at the corners of her mouth. "Did you still not find a girl?"

He shook his head, picked up her coat, and hung it on the clothes tree. "I'll find someone," he said.

"I wish you didn't think you had to do —," she began. He silenced her by taking her in his arms. She put her head against his chest. His embrace became fierce and she gasped. The visor of her cap rasped his chin. His right hand slipped up to the back of her collar, where he used to caress her hair. But her hair was clipped now, and his hand encountered her cold neck. He let her slip away. She exhaled playfully. "Darling!"

"You're the most beautiful —"

"Yes, the most beautiful witch you know." She laughed and held out her hands. "Look!" They were stained yellow past the wrists. "Pretty soon I'll be a Chinese."

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"Have they found out what causes it?"

"If they have, they don't say. Something in the explosive we handle."

"Munitions," he said dully. "I—I wish you didn't work there."

Her reply was cold. "You've said that before." Abruptly, she went to the dining room door, then turned on him. "We set a record today," she said harshly. "I filled enough shells to kill 490 Nazi bastards." She disappeared into the shadows of the dining room.

Dr. Latham reached for his dustcloth and fumbled it. He stooped to pick it up.

Becky had reappeared in the doorway. Her arms were at her sides. In one yellow hand she gripped an empty tumbler; the fingers of her other hand held the neck of a pint of whiskey.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"It's all right."

"You didn't want a drink, did you?"

"No."

"I'm tired. I'm going to have one before I take my bath." She started wearily up the stairs. "I'll be down in a little while and we'll get supper going."

"No, don't," he said hastily. "Let me fix it by myself."

"You're sweet."

She went on up. With a buoyant step Dr. Latham went into his kitchen and opened the refrigerator door.

Forecast

By Thomas Jefferson (1816)

France is too high-minded, has too much innate force, intelligence and elasticity, to remain under its present compression. Samson will arise in his strength, as of old, will burst asunder the withes and the cords, and the webs of the Philistines.

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What's a life insurance company got to do with Pigs?

In the meat-rationed months ahead, 225,000 hogs will be marketed from farms that Metropolitan helped to put on a productive basis. Many an American family will enjoy a fine roast of pork from one of them.

What's a life insurance company got to do with pigs? Simply this . . .

Agriculture has always been a basic American industry, and helping to finance it has been a proper investment for life insurance companies. Thousands of loans have been made by life insurance companies to help farmers improve their lands and buildings and thus increase food production.

Metropolitan has been active for over 25 years in making farm loans. In addition, Metropolitan has had the opportunity to rehabilitate a good many farms under Company management. A majority of these

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have since been sold to real dirt farmers, but some still remain in the Company's possession.

This spring found these farms ready to take part in a wartime pig-raising program. Inasmuch as these farms are broadly representative of the farms on which life insurance companies have made loans, we'd like to give you some figures.

In answer to America's call for more meat, these farms will help produce, directly or indirectly, about 175,000 pigs this summer, and perhaps another 50,000 pigs next fall. This is an increase of about 28 million pounds of pork over that produced on the same farms in 1942.

This year, pork production on these farms will total nearly 65 million pounds . . . enough to provide one million Americans with more than one pound of pork each week for an entire year! In addition, these farms will put 1800 head of beef cattle on the market this summer. Next fall, 2000 more head will be put in feed lots.

Meanwhile, Metropolitan policyholders, through their Company, have made and are making an important and much needed contribution to the nation's wartime food supply. Every time they pay their premiums, policyholders express their own faith in the future of the nation and in the future of American agriculture, helping farmers contribute to a healthier, more abundant America.

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75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT

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HORIZONS OF SCIENCE

By Waldemar Kaempffert

The Coming Revolution in Medicine

Of the four and a half million soldiers in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic armies from 1792 to 1815 about two and a half million died in hospitals and 150,000 were killed in action. In the Crimean War 8,250 Frenchmen were killed and 59,815 died of sickness. In our Civil War the Union forces lost 67,058 on the battlefield, 43,012 who died of wounds and 224,586 who succumbed to disease. Until World War I infections were always deadlier than bullets. Today disease is under control and surgeons regard the appearance of infection in soldiers on whom they have operated as little short of a disgrace.

The sulfa drugs are partly responsible for the medical showing made by all armies in the field. Before they were introduced six hours was considered the maximum waiting period if massive lacerations were to be successfully handled. Today many of the wounded wait much longer, a shot of antitetanus in the veins, powdered sulfanilamide in their wounds. Every American soldier's first-aid packet contains eight tablets of sulfadiazine, with instructions that read: "If wounded take the contents of this package at once."

The sulfa drugs are more than so many new additions to the pharmacopeia. Blood-poisoning, streptococcal sore throats, childbed fever, scarlet fever, erysipelas, gonorrhea, pneumonia, peritonitis, mastoiditis (infection of the middle ear), trachoma (which once ended in blindness), bacterial dysentery, a score of other afflictions are now under scientific control. A revolution is under way, and a dream has come partially true — the dream of the specific which will seek out deadly germs in the body or heal an internal injury and leave everything else alone.

Primitive savages, who are supposed to be ridden by superstition but who are actually as practical as plumbers when faced with the hardships of the wilderness, had made more progress in realizing the dream than supposedly scientific physicians of Europe up to the

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early nineteenth century. Pre-Columbian Incas had discovered that quinine in the crude form of cinchona bark was a specific against malaria, but Jesuits who returned to Europe from Peru found it hard to convince physicians that it was so. When Jacques Cartier's men were afflicted with scurvy, a disease caused by deficiency of a vitamin, Canadian Indians cured them with infusions of leaves. Snake venom, dried toads, curare, extracts of herbs and roots — the savage remedies at which the medicos once scoffed turn out to have their virtues.

Like the savage the civilized physician has always wanted an agent which would be highly selective, a specific, in other words, which would cure a sick organ or tissue without injuring anything else or which would kill the germs that cause disease without destroying the tissues affected. He had a few specifics — very few. One of them was mercury, long used in the inefficient treatment of syphilis at the risk of killing the patient. Quinine was another. And now there are scores — all chemicals.

Though it played no part in their thinking it was Pasteur and Koch who encouraged hope in the specific. Both had demonstrated the bacterial origin of many infections. Both killed bacteria and cured diseases, always with implications of specific action. But where was the disinfectant which would be swallowed or injected in large doses and which would attack only deadly bacteria? Lister used carbolic acid (phenol) with good effect in surgical operations to prevent infection, but no physician in his senses would prescribe it to kill bacteria in the stomach or inject it into the blood stream.

It was Paul Ehrlich who placed the specific on its scientific feet. Like thousands of physicians he knew that dyes do not color all textiles with equal facility. A dye that is fast for wool can often be washed out of cotton or linen. Particularly is this true of the coal-tar colors, which are highly selective. If they can act in this way on animal and plant fibers, why not on microorganisms and tissues? The question was penetrating. Ehrlich had no thought of African sleeping-sickness or syphilis when he propounded it. He was thinking of bacteria which were all but invisible under the microscope — invisible because they were as clear as the watery medium in which they lived. If a dye could be found which would stain only a germ or a living cell, bacteriology would re-

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ceive an immense impetus. The germ, the cell would stand out like a red cloth on green grass. After much work Ehrlich found his dyes and devised the modern method of staining microscopic specimens. Bacteriology and the diagnosis of many diseases leaped forward. A bit of tissue could be studied not as a slice of dead meat cut out of the body but as a collection of living cells.

All this was enough to send any scientist's name ringing down the ages. But a trigger had been pulled in Ehrlich's mind. If a dye can pick out a certain kind of cell or germ, stain that, but not touch anything else, why not hook a killing chemical to it? The dye ought to creep up on its quarry and the chemical ought to kill. Out of this reasoning came the attack on the microorganisms of African sleeping-sickness, which are transmitted by the bite of the tsetse fly, and then on the spirochetes of syphilis. Dyes linked to killing chemicals sought out the germs in both diseases. The jungle became safer for settlers; syphilis was stripped of its old terror.

Until twelve years ago not much progress had been made in applying Ehrlich's theories. There was no lack of industry. Ehrlich had simply tried dyes by the hundreds before he found the right ones. A man might work all his life in this fashion and have nothing to show. Then an accident happened: sulfanilamide. An obscure Austrian student, P. Gelmo, had discovered it in 1908, when Ehrlich was immersed in his researches. Gelmo determined the chemical properties of his compound, won a doctor's degree from the University of Vienna, published his thesis in a chemical journal and then disappeared. Was he a casualty of World War I? He has never been heard of since. Because he was a chemist and not a bacteriologist he had not the faintest inkling that he had discovered something as important as Ehrlich's mode of combatting African sleeping-sickness and syphilis.

II

Though he had disappeared, though his thesis had been embalmed in a chemical journal without making any impression, Gelmo was no forgotten man. In searching chemical literature Rockefeller scientists stumbled on his buried sulfanilamide, saw possibilities in it, hooked it to quinine, but got nowhere. Chemists of the German chemical trust also dug up the bones and decided that they had possibilities — but only for textile

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dyes. Dr. Gerhard Domagk, head of the German trust's pathological institute, pricked up his ears. Suppose this compound of Gelmo's were hooked to an appropriate dye. Bacteria might be killed in the selective Ehrlich way.

Out of experimenting that matches Ehrlich's in the search of specifics against sleeping-sickness and syphilis came an orange-red dye to which Gelmo's sulfanilamide had been coupled. A Dr. Foester rose before a meeting of physicians to tell of his almost miraculous success in curing what was a hopeless case of blood-poisoning in a child with the combination. No one paid much attention. After all, what is one case? The German trust knew better. It banked on Domagk's unpublished results with animals. It patented "prontosil," Domagk's linkage, and handed out samples to physicians.

The American public first heard of prontosil when it was used to treat President Roosevelt's son, James, for a streptococcal sore throat. James and prontosil made the front page, much to the displeasure of physicians, because they wanted more information. The facts were forthcoming soon enough. In Great Britain exhaustive experiments were made in cases of childbirth fever with dramatic success. Though both the English *Lancet* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* were editorially pessimistic, the tide of opinion turned. It was plain enough that a whole series of globular germs called "cocci" could be reduced to helplessness without killing the patient.

Because prontosil was patented the German chemical trust had the world by the throat. It was either pay the price or die of blood-poisoning, childbirth fever or one of a dozen coccal infections. Patented preparations have never been popular in medicine. Could the prontosil patent be evaded? It struck French chemists in the Pasteur Institute of Paris that prontosil was much too complex and that it might be reduced to something simpler. It was therefore torn apart, and each part was tested separately. Gelmo's sulfanilamide proved to be the active portion; prontosil simply gave it up in the body. Sulfanilamide was effective without any selective dye at all. Almost overnight a patent which could not have been bought for millions dropped in value to the price of yesterday's newspaper.

All this wrought havoc to the prevailing theory. Domagk had preached Ehrlich's doctrine. In other words, the dye selected the

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cocci to be attacked, whereupon the sulfanilamide destroyed them. It was shown that sulfanilamide was no true specific, and that it combatted infections not by killing "cocci" but by preventing them from multiplying, so that they could be destroyed by their natural enemies, the white cells of the blood.

There are now several thousand sulfa compounds, of which not more than a score are of any medical use as yet. All act like Gelmo's. It is rarely now that sulfanilamide is given by mouth, and this because it nauseates and it attacks the kidneys. If we hear of sulfanilamide on the battlefield and in the operating room it is because it is an effective dressing for wounds. For the treatment of pneumonia, childbirth fever, gonorrhea, and coccal infections in general other sulfa compounds have taken its place because they do not make patients sick to their stomachs or because they are not absorbed by the intestines. So we have sulfapyridine, sulfathiazole, sulfaguanidine, sulfadiazine and others.

Though the sulfa drugs are not true specifics, though they check bacterial growth without actually killing, their introduction marks an extraordinary advance in what Ehrlich called "chemotherapy." For the first time in medical history it is possible to introduce enough of a powerful disinfectant into the human system to overcome a bacterial disease. The sulfa compounds place the physician in the position of a sharpshooter. Except in African sleeping sickness, a few deadly jungle infections and syphilis, all treated in accordance with Ehrlich's selective principle, he had to use a shotgun and hope for the best. Now he is a crack shot armed with a rifle when he stalks the coccal infections.

Ehrlich restricted his term "chemotherapy" to the chemical treatment of bacterial infections by the crackshot method. There is no reason why the term should be so limited. The process whereby the body converts food into muscle and energy is essentially chemical. A needle pricks the finger and at once all the chemical and physical resources of the body are marshalled to repair the injury. The transmission of pain along a nerve is largely an electrochemical phenomenon. If we are enraged the adrenal glands, which lie above the kidneys, pour out chemicals that rouse the fighting spirit. All the glands secrete chemicals that have their uses in keeping the body healthily alive. Turn where we will we find chemistry at work. Medi-

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cine is of necessity applied chemistry in the large sense. Properly developed, chemotherapy must include much of medicine.

Flesh, bones, blood, nerves and brains are highly complicated chemical structures. It follows that sickness simply upsets the chemical balance and that it is the business of chemistry to restore it. Why does an antitoxin check diphtheria? Because of some obscure chemical action. Why do bacteria lay us low? Not because they are like knives or bullets, but because they release poisons — chemicals. Why do minds go awry? Because the brain has been chemically upset. The successful administration of insulin to shock the brain in early cases of schizophrenia proves as much. We take a dose of luminal, sodium amytal or one of a hundred similar compounds and fall into a sound sleep. Evidently the chemistry of the nervous system has been influenced. Why do we grow old? Because the body's chemistry has changed.

Some day medicine will do away with serums and vaccines. It is a complex chemical in the serum of vaccine that cures. When that chemical is discovered it will be synthesized and used directly. The serums which were once the only means of dealing with pneumonia are already giving way to the sulfa compounds. Radioactive phosphorus and calcium are used in the experimental treatment of some forms of cancer because of their selective action — more proof of the validity of the chemical approach. Even when we massage the muscles of the body we stimulate chemical processes and induce a sense of well being.

Good as our doctors are, they are still "medicine men" in the savage sense. Fully half of their practices are based not on scientific knowledge but on tradition. The age-old wheeze that "medicine is an art as well as a science" speaks for itself.

We want more science and less art in medicine. Crude as chemotherapy may be, it is the harbinger of a new medical day.

THE bad man wants to kill those who disagree with him; the good man merely wants them to go to hell.

— ANONYMOUS

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▶ *Enthusiasm for the Statue of Liberty did not run too high.*

WHEN LIBERTY WAS IMPORTED

By Francis Rowsome

A driving rain whipped flags and bunting into limp tatters. Seven hundred spectators huddled under umbrellas, listening damply to speeches and a brass band. A reporter observed that the umbrellas tipped in magic unison to oppose new gusts of wind from New York harbor. At last the speeches were done, the great cornerstone was derricked up a few inches, and a copper box inserted beneath. Within the box were coins, newspapers, the Declaration of Independence, and a history to date — August 5, 1884 — of this, the Statue of Liberty, the biggest and grandest statue the world has ever seen. When the block had been lowered, a master mason tapped it three times with his mallet, and ceremoniously poured over it oil, wine and grain. Hastily the crowd broke for the ferries to Manhattan. The reporter noted that throughout the cornerstone-laying, "rain came down with wildly enthusiastic fury."

Wild enthusiasm was something the backers of the Statue of Liberty had often had to get along without. The story of the colossal Liberty begins some twenty years before, when a few friends gathered for dinner in the Versailles home of Edouard Laboulaye, historian and writer. The conversation turned upon foreign relations; the Italians, having borrowed a large sum from France, had just repudiated the debt. America, in contrast, was a fine country, and France loved her. As an American testimonial later recorded: "Having at the table congenial spirits, the poetic and sublime idea was then and there conceived" of presenting America with "the figure of Liberty in colossal proportions. . . ."

The dream might have been forgotten had there not been present a young, bearded Alsatian sculptor, Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi. Colossal statuary fascinated Bartholdi. But since the other guests displayed

FRANCIS ROWSOME, *who was graduated from Harvard, has been associate editor of* Medical Economics *for more than two years.*

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no practical interest in their idea, he had to store it away for a more propitious time. After the War of 1870 he conferred with Laboulaye about the project. The historian told him that the centennial of American independence in 1876 would offer a magnificent time to present this statue. So M. Bartholdi sailed to inspect America.

As the little steamer *Pirere* moved up New York harbor early one summer morning with M. Bartholdi on deck, he had, as he later maintained, a sudden vision of his life-work. There, on that little fortress — Bedloe's Island — he would build a gigantic statue of copper, the largest and most inspiring ever seen, to commemorate France's love for liberty and for America. Quickly he drew a sketch of a woman raising high a torch, to be called "Liberté Éclairant le Monde." Armed with the sketch, he visited several prominent Americans, among them Sumner and Longfellow. President Grant also gave him a hearing.

Apparently the response was noncommittal, a lukewarm approval of Gallic exuberance. M. Bartholdi returned to Paris with the news that if France were to present this statue, America would doubtless accept and mount it. By 1874 affairs began to move: the Franco-American Union was formed, its list of names including Lafayette, de Rochambeau, de Tocqueville, and Laboulaye. With great energy the Union set about raising a million francs and soon had enough to permit M. Bartholdi to begin work. It was apparent that Liberty could not be completed in time for the Centennial, but the Union determined to send at least a token.

The torch and right forearm were rushed to completion and sent off to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. Visitors, at ten cents apiece, were encouraged to climb to the platform around the flame and enjoy a view of the Exposition grounds. Below, one could purchase engravings and models of Liberty, the proceeds going to the American Pedestal Fund. The income proved disappointing. Followed a similarly unprofitable stand in Madison Square, New York, then the arm and torch sailed back to Paris.

Next year an American Committee was formed; among its influential names were Drexel, Pyne, Seligman, Morgan, and Vanderbilt. An architect was commissioned to draw up plans for a $125,000 pedestal, while Congress was successfully petitioned for the use of Bedloe's Island. Within a

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short time the Committee had raised nearly $100,000, when troubles and problems arose to harass that dignified body.

Much of the money had come from New York, and the country acquired an idea that the project was purely sectional. Then the Committee was chagrined to learn that the pedestal would cost at least twice the original estimate. A certain tactless unconcern over small contributions cost them further good will. This they attempted to recapture by announcing that the statue would not be merely a work of art, but would also serve usefully as a beacon light and signal station. Their suggestion produced only further apathy. The sole measure which the Committee could think of to combat the inertia was the issuing of pamphlets which "urged the People to contribute toward an impressive ornament to the entrance of the commercial metropolis of the Union." Most of the nation displayed a serene indifference to an enterprise soon known as "New York's lighthouse."

Magazine and newspaper articles gave the Committee only ineffective support. Critics pronounced a Lafayette by M. Bartholdi, in Union Square, "an exceedingly silly statue." One expert complained captiously that in another of Bartholdi's colossals, a fiercely galloping Vercingetorix, the horse's feet looked unnatural. A Yale professor anticipated "another asparagus stalk added to those that already give so comical a look to our skyline." On the whole, however, critics conceded that the design of Liberty Enlightening the World was promising.

II

Meanwhile in Paris both the statue and the money to pay for it were growing. The Franco-American Union systematically solicited likely contributors — boards of trade, school children, exporters, fraternal societies, and labor unions. By 1882 an equivalent of $450,000 had been donated by over 100,000 people.

Steadily from 1875 on, M. Bartholdi had been busy in the Paris workyards of Messrs. Gaget, Gauthier, et Cie. His technical problems proved difficult. First he made a plaster model, one-sixteenth scale, which was officially approved by the Union. Then came a second, this time one-fourth scale. Finally a full-size wood-and-plaster model was made in a series of cross-sections. Around each section workmen built an exact wooden mold.

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Then the plaster inside was removed, leaving a huge negative die of the statue. Thin sheets of copper, up to three yards square, were carefully forced into the mold with hammers and levers. When taken out and riveted together, they would form a "skin" which was a precise reproduction of M. Bartholdi's model.

Bartholdi asked his friends de Lesseps and Eiffel to design a sturdy skeleton. Eiffel, an expert on wind stresses and torsions, soon produced an excellent plan. He specified a central steel mast surrounded by spiral staircases and braced by four great iron struts. From this basic frame secondary girders would reach out to the copper envelope. The flexible copper would be stiffened from behind by iron strips. Eiffel feared that a large mass of copper, set up in moist sea air, might become a giant electric battery, corrode rapidly, and perhaps even shock visitors. He ordered that all copper-and-iron contacts be insulated with asbestos.

As the frame and skin began to rear up, countless visitors swarmed through the yards. Liberty's height, 152 feet, was to be doubled by the pedestal, but already she loomed high above neighboring chimney-pots. Sight-seers marvelled over her nose four and a half feet long, her mouth three feet wide, her eyes two and a half feet from corner to corner. Her fingernails, it was observed with amazement, measured ten by thirteen inches.

By October, 1881, she was virtually finished, and a few months later the Union had collected the last needed franc. But Paris heard that the American Committee, having signally failed to arouse its public, would probably have to ask Congress for a grant. Not until the spring of 1883 did a shovel bite into Bedloe's Island, and even afterward it seemed as if the Americans were delaying matters needlessly. To stir up some action the Union arranged a formal ceremony in Paris on July 4, 1884, when the statue was officially presented to the American ambassador. Later, with each piece carefully numbered, the statue was carefully taken down and stowed in crates. France and M. Bartholdi had done their part.

III

Cautiously, the American Committee was proceeding from difficulty to difficulty. It was necessary to excavate a pit on Bedloe's Island some 53 feet deep and 90 feet square, only to refill it with the biggest "pour" of concrete ever

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tried. Ninety feet of expensive masonry had then to be constructed. The hortatory pamphlets had produced about $180,000, enough for two years' work. But in the spring of 1885 troubles began in earnest. Income ceased even to trickle, and money in the bank dropped to $2000. Congress refused a last-ditch appeal for $100,000. On the island the Committee found that only six of the forty-six courses of masonry had been laid. So on March 13 they suspended all work and sat back to await a miracle.

The miracle appeared on the next day, in the shape of Joseph Pulitzer. His New York *World* ran an editorial, "The National Disgrace," urging millionaires to step forward and finish the job. Pulitzer's journalistic sense had discerned a valuable crusade. He soon had money pouring in. For readers outside New York the situation was called a national humiliation. To New Yorkers it was suggested that unless they hurried, Boston or Philadelphia might grab the statue. The smallest donations were welcomed, and the paper printed the name and address of each contributor. Setting a goal of $100,000, the *World* devoted a daily column to the cause, often reprinting letters from small contributors calculated to shame the hardened pinchpenny.

It was a singularly successful campaign, for money showered in at a rate which once touched $10,000 a week. By May the total was $50,000, and the Committee ordered work resumed. During August the goal was reached, an official total of $102,006.39. Most of the sum arrived in contributions of less than a dollar.

During the campaign the Union shipped Liberty to New York. The *Isère* appeared in the lower harbor in June with 212 cases of statue packed compactly in her hold. Hastily the Committee sent out word asking her to anchor until a formal reception could be arranged. For forty-eight hours she rested off Coney Island. Then her captain learned that a welcoming delegation would board his ship, after which a marine parade would travel to Bedloe's Island. A parade in Manhattan and a banquet would follow.

It was a pretty plan; but when it was over everyone felt there had been a regrettable lack of dignity. The city government had borrowed a ferryboat to carry the welcoming aldermen, and it had somehow been equipped with a supply of beer and champagne. When the ferry first came alongside, President Sanger of the Board of Alder-

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men astonished the French sailors by repeatedly shouting, "Bung jaw!" It was then discovered that the only way to board the *Isère* was to clamber over the rails. After the aldermen had made this crossing, they were alarmed to find that no one on board the French ship could speak English. Finally a pilot was found to act as interpreter and the French were officially welcomed. The rest of the ceremony proceeded without a hitch, except that at the banquet, President Sanger had to request his aldermen to avoid champagne. He then delivered a speech touching upon the sublime in art, and ended, to the perplexity of his listeners, with a few sentences of French.

Stacked in a warehouse, the 212 crates awaited completion of the pedestal. When that wonderful day came, the Committee succumbed once more to its weakness for ceremonies. Mortar for the last block was symbolically sprinkled with pennies, nickels, and dimes. Still another rite was observed when the copper sections were attached to their iron supports. The first rivet driven was christened Auguste Bartholdi, and the second, Joseph Pulitzer.

During the summer of 1886 endless streams of New Yorkers journeyed to the island, fascinated by the technique of fitting together the world's largest statue. Bare and grotesque, the armature reared up high over the granite, while below, the copper envelope slowly mounted to conceal this ugly skeleton. As in Paris, sight-seers were especially charmed by contrasts; frequently they remarked how "a riveter, swinging high up on the hand, appears little more than a Jersey mosquito." Visitors departed laden with scraps of copper, rivets, or chips of granite.

The few weeks before the unveiling were marked by flurried bustling. A shipload of dignitaries sailed from France. Liberty's face was covered with a large tricolor, it being deemed impracticable to veil all of her. A tremendous parade was organized for Manhattan, and the *World* constructed a triumphal arch under which the procession would pass. R. H. Macy's sold quantities of "Authorized Statuettes: $1," and it was widely advertised that "Liberty Enlightens the World and Sapolio Brightens It." From Washington came a grant of $56,000 to clean up remaining obligations.

October 28, 1886, was the great day, but it arrived with a distinct lack of October's bright blue weather. Rain fell in a constant, penetrating drizzle, chilling the on-

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lookers. The paraders marched along with unquenchable spirits, beneath the *World's* arch and along Wall Street, where the recently installed stock tickers permitted the first recorded festoons of ticker-tape. In the reviewing stand were uncounted notables — President Cleveland, cabinet members, French delegates, governors, mayors, and aldermen.

It was the finest parade that New York had seen. Afterwards a few thousand favored persons went out to Bedloe's Island. Far greater numbers had to stand in the Battery, gazing hopefully into a curtain of mist. When the invocation was over, M. de Lesseps, president of the Union, was greeted with cheers and a tremendous burst of steam-whistling. He spoke briefly, and was followed by Senator Evarts. It had been planned that when Evarts' speech ended, the tricolor would be dropped from Liberty's face.

High up in the windows of the diadem were M. Bartholdi and two helpers, clutching ropes which held the flag. On the ground a young man was stationed with instructions to wave a handkerchief when the speech was over. Unfortunately, the Senator had barely begun when distracting cries of "louder, louder!" reached his ears. Temporarily discomfited, he stopped to take a sip of water. As he was resuming, the young man waved his handkerchief. The tricolor dropped to the ground, and a deafening din of applause drowned out the Senator. He continued inaudibly for a few minutes, then abruptly retired. Up in the diadem M. Bartholdi embraced his assistants in a sudden access of emotion.

For fifteen minutes the noise rolled up in waves, augmented by cheers floating through the mist, by the roaring of cannon, by a bedlam of steam-whistles and firecrackers. The rest of the program seemed an anticlimax — Cleveland's short speech, the long address by Chauncey Depew, the banquet that evening at Delmonico's, the irrepressible aldermen.

Commenting on the affair, the London *Times* remarked that it was a "curious festival." Curious it may have appeared to London, but viewed with the perspective gained after the passage of over half a century, the conception seems less curious than touching, the unveiling less a festival than the embodiment of a generous gesture. Liberty is colossal, expensive, and uniquely engineered: for these reasons alone she may have appealed to many Americans. But her aptness runs deeper than

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that. It comes from a pose whose symbolism is so direct and clear that she has become an emblem of the great American dream. From what resource M. Bartholdi drew this instinct is not clear, nor, considering his success, is it particularly relevant. But this same inexplicable aptness can be seen in lines preserved in bronze on the pedestal. Written by Emma Lazarus, they are the substance of what we hope our land to be:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

UNTIL THE ROOF FALLS IN

By Weldon Kees

The crack is moving down the wall.
Defective plaster isn't all the cause.
We must remain until the roof falls in.

It's mildly cheering to recall
That every building has its little flaws.
The crack is moving down the wall.

Here in the kitchen, drinking gin,
We can accept the damnedest laws.
We must remain until the roof falls in.

And though there's no one here at all,
One searches every room because
The crack is moving down the wall.

Repairs? But how can one begin?
The lease has warnings buried in each clause.
We must remain until the roof falls in.

These nights one hears a creaking in the hall,
The sort of thing that gives one pause.
The crack is moving down the wall.
We must remain until the roof falls in.

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CLINICAL NOTES

Memo. On Movie Reviewers

Curiosity about the press reaction to the Warner Brothers documentary fantasy *Mission to Moscow* led me to read all the reviews in the New York papers. As I am not a regular client of the movie columns the perusal was in the nature of a first acquaintance, and I beg to report that it was not altogether a happy occasion.

If the boys and girls who taste celluloid wares for the public in New York are typical of their kind through the country, they must be rated 4-F in political intelligence. Maybe they know the difference between B.O. meaning Box Office and B.O. meaning Body Odor in a boy-meets-girl drama. But when confronted with public affairs they are clearly a lot of scared babes in the Hollywoods. A freshman class in high school could hardly have done worse in a simple test on current events such as was represented by *Mission to Moscow* than this group of learned cinema experts.

To put the matter charitably, their reviews, by and large, showed them up as politically illiterate. The only ones who did spell out a few of the historical absurdities in the film were Eileen Creelman of the *Sun*, Rose Pelswick of the *Journal-American* and Archer Winsten of the *Post*. Even these, however, offered only mild and bewildered strictures. The others hailed the picture enthusiastically. Because *Mission to Moscow* is cast in the form of a documentary film, with newsreel shots and facsimiles of real personalities, they failed to recognize that the *opus* is a work of the imagination — and an inflamed imagination at that.

Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., of the *Herald Tribune* opined that the Warner Brothers romance "is one of the most memorable documents of our time . . . a powerful instrument for teaching historical facts and significance." Which is, in all conscience, an amazing verdict on the stew of half-truths and full falsehoods, scrambled dates and childish fabrications under discussion.

Bosley Crowther of the *Times* came through with opinions no less profound. Only "Trotskyites," he implied, would dare quarrel with

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the Hollywood version of Stalin's blood purges. For all others, said he, "it should be a valuable influence to more clear-eyed and searching thought." In justice to Mr. Crowther it should be recorded that he ate several columnsful of crow in a Sunday piece a few days later. On second thought he decided that there was too much "ecstasy" in the picture and that movie producers ought to be more careful in committing mayhem on facts.

Alton Cook of the *World-Telegram* recommended the abortion as "a great contribution to bringing a better understanding of Soviet policies." "As an example of the technic of factual movies on contemporary and controversial topics," said he, "it is superb." Edith Werner of the *Mirror* was no less convinced that she had witnessed a chunk of living history and even Kate Cameron of the *Daily News* bestowed three stars on the confection. The *PM* authority on history, John T. McManus, was too enthusiastic to talk coherently. And the anonymous reviewer in *Variety*, frankly intimidated by what he described as the "high intellectual nature" of the picture, did unseemly handsprings of obeisance.

The magnitude of this collective political innocence of the reviewing fraternity may be judged by reference to the appraisal of *Mission to Moscow* by people better qualified to judge such a picture. This appraisal was summed up by *Time* in question-and-answer form: "Was it fair and honest to present such a distortion of momentous events to the U. S. people as final truth? In unusual accord, critics, historians, columnists answered 'No.'" Those who denounced the film included "Trotskyites" like Dorothy Thompson, Anne O'Hare McCormick of the New York *Times*, Manny Farber in the *New Republic*, Professor John Dewey, John O'Donnell of the McCormick-Patterson papers, and President Gideonse of Brooklyn College.

Mr. O'Donnell told it off as "a General Foods Production called *Submission to Moscow*." Miss Thompson called it a "phony." Edmund Wilson, the literary critic, charged that it was "a fraud on the American people." Miss McCormick declared that it was a "false picture of America . . . false picture of Russia . . . false picture of history" and would only harm relations between the USA and the USSR. Dr. Gideonse wrote:

> I felt a deep sense of shame that such trash should be presented as a historical document based on official American government documents.

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Professor Meyer Schapiro, the Columbia University historian, clearly warned that "One must turn to Nazi propaganda films for a similar technique and indifference to truth."

I could go on quoting. But these flashes are enough to light up the truly dismal and arid intellectual landscape of movie reviewing in the greatest city of the greatest country on the best of all planets.

—E. L.

Literary Asides

It seems to be a rule that the greater the prose writer, the fewer epigrams he uses. Oscar Wilde turned out epigrams by the thousand, but Thomas Hardy wrote barely a dozen in all his novels. Edgar Saltus, in this country, wrote sentences that were nearly all epigrams, while Herman Melville probably didn't write more than a half dozen in all his life.

2. In America, at least, fiction seems to rely more and more on autobiography. The case of Wolfe comes to my mind at once. Saroyan is another. Other and equally popular writers could be mentioned if it were not embarrassing to bring out the autobiographical bases of their works. Perhaps — and this is the point intended — the quality of a work of fiction varies in inverse ratio to the amount of autobiography in it. Consider *Madame Bovary*, *War and Peace*, *Moby Dick*, *The Scarlet Letter*. Then consider *Look Homeward, Angel*, *Ann Vickers*, *The Human Comedy* (Saroyan's, not Balzac's). Of course, there are exceptions: *Of Human Bondage*, for one. But don't the exceptions prove the rule?

3. In the realm of poetry the rule seems to be the precise opposite: the more autobiography the better the poem. So much of contemporary verse is poor largely because the poets are more interested in the world without rather than in the world within themselves. They labor under the impression that the first is more important than the second. Nothing could be further from the truth. A girl crying her eyes out all alone is as momentous an event as a major struggle on land, on the sea or in the air.

—C. A.

Four Centuries of Science

In a year when conflicting political ideas are undergoing trial by mortal combat, it is good to remember the four-hundredth anniversary of two books which underwent trials no less and survived to bear witness that the truth *does* prevail. In the year 1543 a twenty-eight-year-old Belgian professor of

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anatomy at the University of Padua in Italy gave to the world a book which marked a turning point in the history of anatomy and so of physiology and medicine. The book was the *Fabrica Humani Corporis* (*The Structure of the Human Body*); the young man, Andreas Vesalius. In that same year a seventy-year-old Polish astronomer received on his deathbed the first printed copy of the treatise in which he had set down his daring theories concerning the oldest of the sciences. The book was *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium* (*Concerning the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies*); the old man Nicolas Copernicus.

In some respects the lives of Copernicus and Vesalius were curiously alike. Copernicus studied medicine in the University of Padua from 1501 to 1505, and Vesalius was appointed to the chair of surgery there in 1537. The careers of both men were ended with the publication of the books by which we remember them — that of Copernicus by death; that of Vesalius by the bitter opposition of his professional brethren, which led him to abandon a life work so gloriously begun. Finally both men corrected in their books the errors of two other men who were also contemporaries 1400 years before.

The celestial science of the Middle Ages was that of Claudius Ptolemaeus (or Ptolemy) as set forth in his book, the *Almagest*. Ptolemy was a distinguished second century mathematician and geographer who made the mistake of putting the earth in the center of the heavens with the sun, planets, and fixed stars revolving around it. Copernicus reversed the positions of earth and sun, and remade astronomy according to a heliocentric (sun-centered) design.

The antagonist of Vesalius was the ghost of Claudius Galenus (or Galen), a brilliant second century anatomist, physiologist, and physician whose writings became the textbooks of all European medical students for 1300 years. Galen dissected the bodies of any animals he could lay his hands on, but he did not see everything there was to be seen, even with the naked eye, nor did he always interpret correctly what he had seen.

On the rare occasions that doctors in those days got hold of a body to dissect, the dissections were used to illustrate the truth of what Galen said, even though the body on the table gave him the lie. Not so Vesalius! He, too, tried to see the body through Galen's eyes but his own got the best of him. For five years at the dissecting table he patiently explored the

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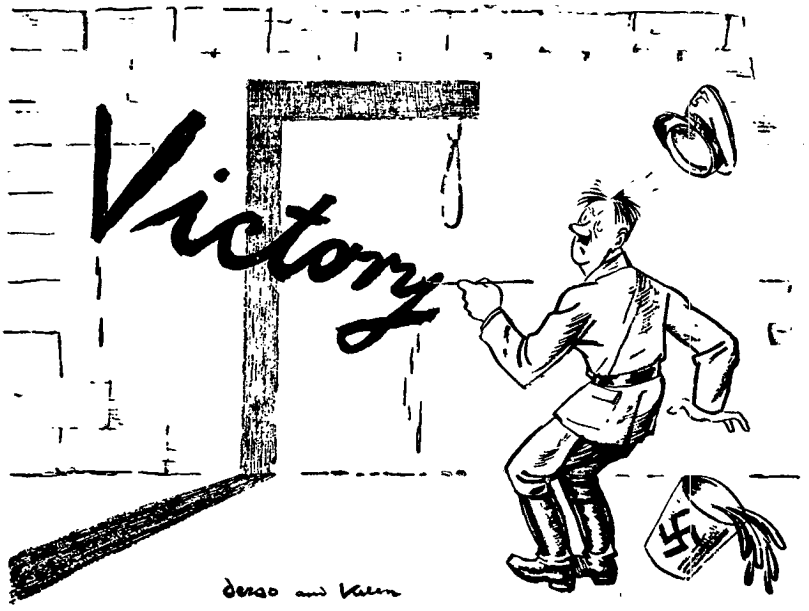
whole gross anatomy of the human body, and in a folio volume of 700 pages illustrated with beautiful plates and woodcuts he set down what he had seen.

Vesalius did not make any startling discoveries. What he did do was to prepare the way for the discoveries which were made after him by directing the eyes of anatomists and physiologists from books about the body to the body itself. After the *Fabrica* was published, the human body — and not Galen's book, or Vesalius's book, or any book — became the "true Bible," as Vesalius himself called it, of all those who would learn how things really are inside it.

— Grace T. Hallock



Shadow of a doubt.

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GOD'S WILL—MAN'S WILL

By Lester Ewing

Death was once announced with the
Quiet dignity of bells.
And old men bent their heads beneath their resignation
While women wept in the still hours for many nights
And were comforted.
The last solemn services were said,
The bronze door closed with the last finality
And the dead found deep rest.
And spring came on again.
This was death.
This was God's will.

And now the wailing siren tears the air,
Numb fingers rip the canvas from a gun
And shade red eyes against the awful sun
And curse the God that made a sky
For planes to fly in.
This is death,
A moment's frenzied pressure of the fingers on a trigger,
The terrifying dive of planes,
And smoking flesh clinging to the sandbags.
There is no weeping from throats too choked
With things no man should ever feel.
The old and the women can only turn
An anxious eye to a picture and wait
And the young can try to cry a little afterward.
And this is death.
This is man's will.

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CREDO OF A REACTIONARY

By Francis Stuart Campbell
Author of *The Menace of the Herd*

I do not hesitate to announce that I am a reactionary. I take a deep pride in the fact. I see no more virtue in looking forward longingly to an unknown future than in looking backward nostalgically to known and proven values.

The term "reactionary" as I use it does not stand for a definite and immutable set of ideas. It stands for an attitude of mind. As a reactionary I resent and oppose the spirit and the trends of the epoch I am forced to live in, and seek to restore the spirit which had its finest embodiment in by-gone periods.

The circumstance that the term "reactionary" is applied as an epithet to fascists and other brands of modern man for whom a true reactionary has only contempt is no fault of mine.

As an honest reactionary I naturally reject Nazism, communism, fascism and all related ideologies which are, in sober fact, the *reductio ad absurdum* of so-called democracy and mob domination. I reject the absurd assumptions of majority rule, parliamentary hocus-pocus; the bogus materialistic liberalism of the Manchester School and the bogus conservatism of the big bankers and industrialists. I abhor the centralism and uniformity of the herd life, the stupid mob spirit of racialism, the private capitalism as well as the state capitalism (socialism) which have contributed to the gradual ruin of our civilization in the last two centuries. The real reactionary of this day is a rebel against the prevailing assumptions and a "radical" in that he goes down to the roots.

I am personally a reactionary of the traditional Christian faith, with a liberal outlook and agrarian propensities. Where so many around me worship the "new," I respect forms and institutions which have grown organically over a long period

This is the fourth in a series of articles summing up personal "credos" or life-views. Previous contributions were the credo of a Liberal by Oswald Garrison Villard; of a Conservative by George Barton Cutten; and of a Socialist by Norman Thomas. The editors do not necessarily agree with the views expressed in this series.

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of time. The periods that preceded the two great storms — the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, ended by the Reformation; and the Eighteenth Century, ended by the French Revolution — are rich in forms and ideas of lasting importance. The universality of a Nicholas of Cues or of an Albertus Magnus, the glory of the Cathedral of Chartres and the late Baroque of Austria, inspiring figures like Maria Theresa, Pascal, George Washington or Leibnitz fascinate me more than the three "common men" of our time — Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler — or the democratic splendor of a department store or the spiritual emptiness of communist and fascist mass meetings magnetized by ecstatic mob-masters.

The introductory note to this decline of civilization was written by Martin Luther, who worshipped the nation, exalted the state and ranted against the Jews; by that royal barbarian on the English throne who supplanted the Catholic spirit of his country with a paralyzing parochialism; by the first "modern" — the Genevan who denied the basis of all philosophical freedom, Free Will — and the other Genevan who preached the return to the jungle and idyllic barbarism. These four horsemen — Luther, Henry VIII, Calvin and Rousseau — were but the heralds of more fateful things to come. The disaster was final when the French Revolution, faced by the eternal dilemma of choosing between liberty and equality, decided for equality. The guillotine and the Strasbourg magistrates who decreed that the spire of the cathedral be demolished because it rose above the equalitarian level of all other houses, are everlasting symbols of modernism and perverse "progress."

The masses, forming organized majorities holding identical ideas and hating uniformly all those who dare to be different, are the present-day product of these various revolts. Priest and Jew, aristocrat and beggar, genius and imbecile, the political non-conformist and the philosophical explorer — all of them are on the list of the proscribed. The herd rules today almost everywhere with various means and under the most diverse labels. This tyranny is what I oppose.

II

As a reactionary, I believe in liberty, but not in equality. The only equality I can accept is the spiritual equality of two newborn babes re-

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gardless of the color, creed or race of their parents. I accept neither the degrading equalitarianism of the "democrats," nor the artificial divisions of the racialists, nor the class distinctions of communists and snobs.

Human beings are unique. They should have the opportunity to develop the personalities — and that means responsibility, suffering, loneliness. I not only like the principle of monarchy but I like all people who are crowned. And there are all sorts of crowns, the noblest of them consisting of thorns. Modern Man — this docile, "cooperative" and urbanized animal — is not after a reactionary's liking.

I believe in the family, in the natural hierarchy within the family, and in the natural chasm between the sexes. I love old men full of dignity and proud fathers, but I also love courageous and upright children. In a hierarchy the lowest member is functionally as important as the highest. And the abyss between men and women seems to me a good thing too; there is no triumph in building a bridge over a mere puddle.

I like people with property. I am not at all enthusiastic about the rootless fellow in an apartment house, with a social security number as his main distinction. I loathe the capitalism that concentrates property in the hands of a few, no less than socialism which wants to transfer it to that great nobody, the hydra with a million heads and no soul, Society. I like people with their own abode, their own fields, their own views prompting them to independent action. I fear the herd: the 51 per cent who voted for Hitler and Hugenberg; the howling mob which supported the French Terror; the 55 per cent of Whites in Southern States who keep the 45 per cent of Negroes "in their place" with the help of blow torch and rope.

I dread all masses consisting of men afraid to be unique, to be persons; caring for safety more than for liberty, fearing their neighbors or "community" more than God and their conscience. These are the people who demand not only equality but identity. They suspect anybody who dares to be different. They want merely "ordinary, decent chaps" after the British, "regular guys" after the American or "*rechte Kerle*" after the German pattern. Modern Man seems to have only one wish: to see everything moulded after his own image; he loathes personality and wants to assimilate. What he

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cannot assimilate he weeds out. Our whole age is marked by a vast system of levelling and assimilating agencies comprising schools, ads, barracks, mass-produced goods, mass-produced newspapers and books and ideas. The darker side of this process can be seen in the social ostracism practiced against minorities in pseudo-liberal democracies; in the human abattoirs and concentration camps of the super-democratic totalitarian nations; in the endless streams of homeless refugees wandering aimlessly all over the world. Common Man in any aggregation is pitiless, wholly lacking in generosity.

Liberty, after all, is an aristocratic ideal. In Washington, right in front of the White House, on Jackson Square, there is a wonderful symbol: the monument to the first American egalitarian surrounded by the statues of four European noblemen who came to America to fight for liberty and not for identity — the Polish-White-Russian nobleman Kosciuszko, Baron von Steuben, the Comte de Rochambeau and the Marquis de Lafayette. Baron de Kalb is commemorated elsewhere and Count Pulaski's name graces a highway in New Jersey and a statue in Savannah. Pulaski was the only general killed in the Great Rising of the American Whigs. We reactionaries (whether we know it or not) are all Whigs. Our tradition, in English-speaking countries, rests on Magna Charta, which only the ignorant will call "democratic."

I have no relish for nineteenth century "liberalism" with its gross materialism and the pagan belief in the "survival of the fittest," *i.e.* the most unscrupulous. For European conditions I am naturally a monarchist because monarchy is basically supra-racial and supra-national. Not only did free institutions survive better in the monarchies of Northwestern Europe than in the republican heart of the continent but in the ethnically mixed area of Central and Eastern Europe one ought to prefer monarchs of foreign origin with alien wives, alien mothers, and alien sons- and daughters-in-law to political "leaders" belonging passionately to specific nationalities, classes, parties.

I feel freer under a man who is nobody's choice than under the appointee of a majority following blindly their overheated emotions. Voltaire had more chance to sway the courts of Paris, Potsdam and Petersburg than a Dawson, a Sorokin, a Ferrero or a Bernanos has to sway the "democratic" masses. The European monarchs intellectually and morally have matched

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their republican top-hatted epigones. The Bourbons certainly compare favorably with the politicos of the three French Republics. The Führers of the totalitarian era have of course often been more "brilliant" and successful because less scrupulous. Backed by carefully staged plebiscites, they feel justified in indulging in slaughters no Bourbon, Habsburg or Hohenzollern would have risked. Plato told us more than two thousand years ago that democracy degenerates inevitably into dictatorships and de Tocqueville re-emphasized it in 1835. Most fatheads on both sides of the Atlantic continue to confuse democracy with liberalism, two elements which may, or may not, coexist. A "prohibition" backed by 51 per cent of the electorate may be most democratic, but it is hardly liberal.

III

What we reactionaries want is *freedom* and *diversity*. We believe that there is even a peculiar strength in diversity. St. Stephen, King of Hungary, said to his son: "A realm of only one language and one custom is foolish and fragile." This is contrary to the demo-totalitarian superstitious belief in our epoch of uniformity. The Italian fascists who destroyed all cultural institutions of non-Italians in their country found imitators in the streamlined and progressive Technocrats who clamored, once this war had reached America, for the confiscation of the whole foreign-language press.

As a reactionary I like patriots, who get enthusiastic about their *patria*, their father*land;* and I dislike nationalists, who get excited about tongue and blood. The reactionary upholds the idea of soil and liberty, he fights against the complex of blood and equality.

As a rectionary I hold definite views as well as tentative opinions. "In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in everything charity" is a fine reactionary program. If I consider something to be Truth, I discount every opinion opposing it. But I disagree with certain medieval ecclesiastics or with the shortsighted conservatives who believed that error can be fought by force. Any meticulous eradication of error by artificial means (always directed against *persons*, not against the idea itself) ends by making the Truth unpalatable, stale, unattractive. As a reactionary I respect any person who courageously and sincerely holds erroneous views following his conscience. I have infinitely more respect for a fanatic Catalonian

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anarchist, an orthodox Jew, a hard-bitten Calvinist or an ecstatic Dervish than for a humanitarian pseudo-liberal with a secret veneration for the omnipotent state. A real reactionary is a man of absolute faith and absolute generosity. He reconciles dogma and freedom.

As a reactionary I would like to see materialized in this country more of the anti-democratic ideas of the Founding Fathers. Indeed, few European writers fulminated more strongly against the demos than Madison, Hamilton, Marshall, John Adams or even Jefferson who stood for an aristocracy of merit, not for mass-rule. Yet Hamilton's centralism is basically leftish. Neither here nor in Europe should it prevail. What we need on either side of the Atlantic is more of a *personal* attitude. Colossalism and collectivism are *the* enemy. The farmer Schmidt from Hindelang, for instance, should first of all be proud to be the head of a family, the master of a homestead, and then to be a dweller of Hindelang. Upon further reflection he ought to find pride in being a peasant of the Allgäu valley and also to be a Bavarian. His Germandom ought to be a mystical unity at the very horizon of his thoughts. But the modern tendency is to establish the hierarchy of loyalties the other way round. The Nazi emphasis on the ninety million Germans, the Soviet emphasis on "the masses," the general identification of "bigger" with "better" show our debasement expressed in the worship of quantity, our contempt for the person, our whole modern despair in human uniqueness.

I hold that state, business, manufacture are the great slaveholders of our times. John Doe works like his spiritual ancestor, the medieval serf, one and a half days a week for his landlord. Of four weekly checks he hands over at least one to the corporation which rents him his habitat. Failure to do so would result in dispossession, a menace unknown to the villein of the thirteenth century. In the factory he slaves, unlike the guildsman, for unknown investors as well as for corrupt labor leaders, if not, as in the USSR, for a combination leviathan of State and Society. The workers should own the tools of production; there is no earthly reason why they should not own the factories in a literal sense or be the holders of all shares distributed after a certain key. A plant could be a living community no less so than the medieval workshop.

I like free people who are frequently "backward" people, like the Tyroleans, the Swiss mountain-

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eers, the Scots, the Navarrese, the Basques, the grim peasants of the Balkans, the Kurds. They escaped the lesser evil of serfdom in the Middle Ages and the major evil of urbanization in modern times. They are very reactionary, conservative, liberty-loving. They can afford to be conservative because their culture is out of tune with modern times; what *they* have is worth preserving. The urban conservative, on the other hand, is nothing but an inhibited "progressive."

I believe in the man of excellence, the man of duty as against the Common Man whose only strength lies in numbers, whose political manifestation is submission to prefabricated "convictions" or to "leaders" who unlike "rulers" do not differ from the masses but personify all their worst traits.

Today a handful of genuine reactionaries carry the brunt of the fight against super-progressivism in its totalitarian form. They know that democracy as a force cannot deal with the totalitarians; embryonic forms cannot succeed against their more mature manifestations. Plato, de Tocqueville, Donoso Cortès, Burckhardt all knew this. Progressive democracy like pseudo-liberalism is nothing but a Gironde, a forerunner of the Terror.

Among this handful are Winston Churchill and Count Galen, Count Preysing and von Faulhaber, Niemöller and Georges Bernanos, Giraud and d'Ormesson, Count Teleki, Calvo Sotelo, Schuschnigg and Edgar Jung. None of them did compromise with the wickedness of either the Gironde or the Terror in their modern forms; dead or alive, they will not yield. They do not, and they did not necessarily believe in a Brave Old Past as opposed to a Brave New World, but they saw the calamities of the present as growing out of the errors of the past into the catastrophes of the future. They are isolated by the suspicion that surrounds them. They are considered killjoys for not joining in the universal panegyric of Progress. They have become adamant and passionate. They will carry their banners even unto death, and their banners are very old, very proud and very honorable.

THE true source of our sufferings has been our timidity. We have been afraid to think. We have felt a reluctance to examining into the grounds of our privileges, and the extent in which we have an indisputable right to demand them, against all the power of authority on earth.

— JOHN ADAMS: *A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law*, 1765.

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▶ *Rackets that prey on the superstitious millions.*

LUCK FOR SALE

By John Roeburt

New Brunswick, N. J.

Gentlemens Sir and friendes, i notice your high John the Conquerer root and if it is so good and luckey i would lik to have one. also send me a herb for manhood and how to use it.

Beg to remane

———

This actual letter, typical of thousands, is the foundation stone of many an illicit fortune. It represents the average customer in a series of flourishing and highly profitable "superstition rackets." Millions of Americans are in constant and ever hopeful search of ready-made luck and herbs and ointments to solve all their problems. And hundreds of clever manipulators sell them almost anything their heart desires for a mere pittance. As dealers in commercial occultism and voodoo and as parasite tipsters on the parasitical numbers racket, also known as *bolita*, they collect millions of dollars annually.

A dozen large companies stud the big cities of America and function independently or collaboratively as the fountain-heads of occultism. They print dream books and package herbs; they mold magical candles and fill small bottles with perfumed chemicals bearing such exotic names as Beneficial Dream, Bat's Blood, Fiery Wall of Protection; they stuff little square boxes with Live Lodestone, Sahara Desert Sand, Chinese and Jinx-Remover Washes, Graveyard Dust, Wahoo Bark and Sumbul Root. Then specially-trained salesmen dispose of them to the eager men and women in the tenements of St. Louis, Shreveport, Chicago, Harlem — wherever education has touched only lightly.

Though the salesmen are able gentry, the chief selling is done by mail through the company catalogue, an elaborately designed affair that appeals gaudily and directly to the lowliest dreams of

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fame and sexual power, health and wealth, and categorically promises the attainment of them all. Next to these promises, in very small type, appear the words *so-called* and *alleged*, which form sufficient legal safeguards but which the prospective buyer seldom reads or, if he does, doesn't quite understand. Here are a few excerpts from one such catalogue:

Five Finger Grass — hang over bedstead to ward off evil.

Life Everlasting Herb — said to prolong life; one teaspoonful to one cup of water.

Smellage Root — Rub on foot of person who has been a bad influence.

Dragon's Blood — to uncross a person: burn it for seven nights, at midnight, near a window.

Among the other best-sellers are the ritualistic candles, which run the gamut, in nomenclature, from Peaceful Home to Inflammatory Confusion. The Lucky Number candle, guaranteed to work miracles in the numbers game, is at the very top of the list of consumer interest. The quantity of such candles sold reaches astronomical figures.

The largest share of catalogue space and sensational emphasis is given the fifty-nine varieties of dream books, bearing such mystic titles as *Afro Dream Book*, *Raja Rabo*, *Policy Pete*, *3 Witches*, *King Tut* and *Sen-Chu Dreams*. They are all carefully consulted by the numbers-betting cognoscenti over the breadth of the forty-eight States. The text in each is an alphabetical arrangement of single words with a number juxtaposed. The reader condenses his dream into a summary noun or word-image and searches the book for its corresponding number. According to the *Five-in-One Dream Book*, for example, if the substance of a dream was vengeance, the winning number the reader must hasten to place his bet on is 444. This scholarly volume opens with ABANDON — 754 and closes with ZULU — 777.

The response to these catalogues is constant and tremendous. The file of original letters making inquiries or purchases is cross-indexed by name, product and geographical location. Known frankly as the sucker list, it is the blood and tissue of the superstition rackets and insurance of a perennial golden harvest of orders and cash. Indeed, it forms a business in itself, for one distributor will rent it to another at prices ranging from $12 to $30 a thousand names. The more recent the names on a list the more it will fetch. The Numbers Tipster, who carries on a running hide-and-seek game with the postal inspectors, is ever on the lookout for up-to-date sucker lists, more trustworthy than

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mildewed ones, and gladly pays the highest prices. In the trade the Tipster's fraud is known as a "blast."

The fresh, innocent, hopeful lamb caught in the live list immediately gets this letter or some variation of it:

> YOUR NAME WAS GIVEN ME BY A FRIEND WHO SAID THAT YOU HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR ADVICE IN THE PAST AND THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO GET ON THE WINNING SIDE OF LIFE PROVIDED YOU GOT SOMETHING STRAIGHT. LET ME HELP YOU BE A WINNER. I WILL GIVE YOU THREE STRAIGHT HITS NEXT WEEK. GUARANTEED. I HAVE THE MOST POWERFUL COMBINATION OF JINX BREAKERS THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN. RUSH $2. IF YOU DO NOT HIT, MONEY BACK IMMEDIATELY.

A strikingly large proportion of the recipients of such a high-pressure letter comes across immediately. Here is a sample favorable reaction:

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir in reply to your letter I am very glad to get the information and I am sure would appreciate a straight hit as I am a Poor Lady on the relief and I am penniless. I am borrowing the money now to send. God bless you as I trust your judgment.

Sincerely yours,

———

Sometimes there is trouble:

Cleveland, O.

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regard to a number you guaranteed to hit on Sat. Sept. 23 and which did not hit.

My husband is a disabled War Veteran and unable to work and all he has is a bare existence for himself and family. You come along and give him all the hopes of winning a little money for a few pleasures and the necessaries once more in this dreary life of his. The right thing for you to do is return that $2.00 you collect for a number that did not hit.

Mrs.———

Needless to say, the war veteran's widow didn't get her money back. She never got any reply. Merchants of luck are easily offended by ungrateful correspondents.

The conventional big-time blast requires some 30,000 select names. The whole operation follows a standard arithmetic. A really live list rents at the top asking price of $30 a thousand. This means an initial investment of $900. The job of addressing envelopes requires another $150. The circulars are printed in a bootleg shop trusted by the operators at a cost of about $50. The postage comes to about $700. These major disbursements total $1,800. The minimum expectation in returns is 10 per cent, or 3000 clients paying $2 each — a cash total of $6,000 — better than a three-to-one return. The speculation in-

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volved is reduced to the minimum, for the list owner frequently carries the tipster's credit or post-dated check until the returns roll in. The whole operation consumes about a week. This virtual partnership is an association of knaves sharing guilty secrets that would, if revealed, clear up many unsolved felonies cluttering the files of the nation's postal inspectors.

The profits in the manufacture and sale of occult goods are as large as those in the selling of numbers. The Power Oil, alleged to have been used by mesmerists of classical times to achieve control over anyone, is a colored aromatic oil poured into two-dram bottles at a cost of seventy-five cents a dozen. It retails for fifty cents each. The sachets and incenses yield the same handsome margin. The Black Number Candle, said to have been used by ancient cabalists, retails at fifty cents, though its identical twin sells at the Woolworth stores for five cents.

The sale of books of superstitious lore runs into the hundreds of thousands. *Seven Keys to Power* alone has enjoyed twenty editions since 1936 and is now well over the half million mark. It is still going strong. It costs the publisher eight cents to produce it. He gets twenty-two cents from wholesalers who buy quantities of a thousand or over. And the retail price is one dollar! It is probably the most advertised book in America — a full page *must* in every catalogue. Its 102 pages of amazing revelation constitute the chief reading matter of millions of Americans. The author of this masterpiece is "Lewis De Claremont," *nom de plume* for some hack writer. He probably gets more letters of congratulation and condemnation than any other author in the United States — and it helps to keep the invaluable sucker list alive.

Fourth of July Message

By Thomas Jefferson

Even should the cloud of barbarism and despotism again obscure the science and liberties of Europe, this country remains to preserve and restore light and liberty to them. In short, the flames kindled on the 4th of July, 1776, have spread over too much of the globe to be extinguished by the feeble engines of despotism; on the contrary, they will consume these engines and all who work them.

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▶ *A multitude of new uses for mankind's oldest material.*

THE WONDERS OF WOOD

By Egon Glesinger

The war has compelled all countries to expand the uses of locally available materials. Since it is generally abundant and easily available, wood has been the special object of enforced resourcefulness. Traditionally the most versatile of raw materials, the last few years have seen an extension of its use that is truly startling. Already people wear wood and eat wood and turn it into alcohol, gasoline and a variety of other strange products. What is more, experimentation now under way in many nations holds the promise of ever more amazing conversions.

What does this resurgent demand represent? Most massively wood has served as construction lumber for cantonments, hangars, warehouses, war workers' dwellings, factories, docks, shipyard structure and the myriad service buildings required by a nation at war. Shipyards also use immense quantities of wood: 300,000 board feet to launch a freighter and many thousands more for deck planking, superstructures, and interiors of airplane carriers and warships.

Demand for both sawn lumber and plywood for airplane construction has increased with advances in aircraft engineering, not only for our own services but for our Allies. England's new Mosquito bomber-fighters is a recent example. Fastest of its type in the world and most durable combat plane in the British airfleet, it is built of wood grown and harvested in the forests of America's Pacific Northwest.

Our Army requires wood for more than 1200 other uses. The Navy's list is even longer, and the catalog is extended by the Marines, the Coast Guard, the Maritime Commission. These are ordinary uses of unprocessed lumber. The forest contributes to the service of war supply in a vast number of dis-

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guises and by-products. Reduced to pulp and variously processed, wood is transformed by the industrial chemist into paper, fabrics, explosives, photographic film and plastics. The capacity of our pulpwood industry had grown at a striking rate before the war, but the shortages in metals and acids have put a stop to this growth and already there are repercussions in the American home. Cellophane wrappings for domestic goods have begun to disappear. The size of many newspapers and periodicals has been reduced; book publishers are rationed. The reason is that pulp has been drafted for munitions.

II

By and large America's forest products still serve merely as building material and woodpulp fabricated into paper and its industrial relatives, *e.g.*, rayon clothing, plastic implements and gadgetry. For that reason we are still at a stage where merely 27 per cent of the wood felled in our forests reaches the consumer in useful forms, while 73 per cent becomes industrial waste or is wastefully burned as firewood.

These appalling figures have long been recognized in the forest industries, but have generally been considered normal and inevitable. Inferior saw species which loggers used to call "weed trees"; trimmings, limbs, and tops which wood workers call "slash"; slabs, sawdust and other sawmill waste — none of these had any economic use except as fuel. This was true not only in a country of such forest abundance as the United States but in scarcity-plagued Europe — until desperate necessity forced Nazi planners to turn to wood as the mainstay of *ersatz*. As a result Germany has taken the lead in exploring the wonders of wood.

The Germans soon concluded that most of the wood formerly wasted could fill vital raw material gaps. They even developed a theory that wood was the *Universalrohstoff* which destiny had located in the temperate zone to provide mankind with all the necessities of life from the soil. A Prussian Junker of Huguenot descent, Oberfoerster Dr. Johann Albrecht von Monroy, became the chief exponent of a kind of philosophy of wood. The original inhabitants of Europe, he explained, had the correct inspiration when they worshipped the forests and the forest gods. It was Hitler's mission, he went on, to revive these old traditions by applying science to this "German raw material."

The mystical nonsense notwith-

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standing, German chemists have achieved industrial marvels with wood. In 1918 German morale failed and the war effort collapsed chiefly because of the failure of three major groups of supplies: food, clothing and transportation. In this war wood supplies them all.

Food

Various acids when applied to wood have the effect of separating the lignin from the cellulose and transforming the cellulose into wood sugar. The process is called hydrolysis. Wood sugar in its natural form is the kind of glucose which makes corn syrup, and is implicitly capable of transformation into any other carbohydrate pattern, from starch to solid or liquid fuel. Carbohydrates are basic energy foods.

More than a score of European factories were engaged in wood hydrolysis at the start of World War II. All over Sweden, Finland, Switzerland, Central Europe and the Balkans similar factories have been built and are already producing sugar from wood waste, chiefly sawdust. Much of this hydrolytic wood sugar is not refined into sugar granules, but left as molasses which is used either as a food syrup, or fermented and distilled into grain alcohol. Some German *Schnapps*, and much of Sweden's famous *Aquavit* started life as wood.

Proteins are a vital element in human and most animal nutrition. Without them musculation is flabby, and the body's resistance against tuberculosis decreases. This is the chief reason why in every war the tuberculosis death rate rises sharply. One of the most concentrated and durable forms of protein is obtained in Germany by producing yeast from wood glucose. This yeast contains 55 per cent pure protein — as much as good beef. Germany's annual production of wood protein is greater than 100,000 tons, enough for the protein ration for the entire German army; and it is being increased to care for the nutritional needs of the working population drafted from farms to the munitions factories.

Most of Europe suffers even during peace times from a permanent deficiency of meats and fats. In war the shortage becomes acute through lack of imported cattle fodder. After the mass slaughter of livestock in Denmark when the Germans took over that country, wood was called to the rescue. Not only does raw sugar molasses and protein yeast manufactured from sawdust enrich straw and other low-grade animal fodders, but it has been found that overcooked wood cellu-

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lose forms a white powder almost equal in nutritive value to oats. More than one million tons of such *ersatz* fodder were manufactured last year in Scandinavia and used to replace some forty million bushels of imported oats.

Motor Transportation

Many military gas-driven vehicles and all the domestic fuel-powered machines in continental Europe no longer have any kind of gasoline. They are powered by wood directly. More than half a million automobiles and trucks, in addition to tractors and stationary engines from Norway to Italy, have been equipped with wood-gas generators which take the place of ordinary fuel tanks.

Ordinary automobile plants operate to 80 per cent efficiency on this fuel. Recently it was officially announced that the wood-gas generators used in Germany enable the Nazis to replace 1,500,000 tons of gasoline a year for critical military purposes. This is as much as the entire German gasoline consumption during the Franco-Belgian-Netherlands campaign of 1940. Wood-gas generators are mounted on farm machines, boats, road-builders' equipment, motorcycles. Diesel engines have proved particularly adaptable to it.

But combat motors, particularly airplane engines, must have gasoline. Ethyl alcohol added to low-grade gasoline makes it a high-grade motor fuel. Any kind of alcohol can be made of wood, not only the highly poisonous methyl "wood" alcohol, but the industrial ethyl alcohol. The waste liquors of the six million tons of sulphite-process woodpulp manufactured in Europe are no longer dumped into the rivers but retained and concentrated. Their alcohol yield has been raised since 1939 from fifteen gallons to as much as forty gallons a ton of waste. The pulpwood used by Europe's growing pulp industry — which Germany has been forced to expand despite its use of critical materials in order to meet shortages even more critical — supplies about a hundred million gallons of industrial alcohol of the type distilled in this country from blackstrap molasses or grain.

Not all of this alcohol is used to augment and improve the quality of gasoline. Some is required for the manufacture of smokeless powder, nitro-glycerine, and other explosives. It also assists in solving another transportation bottleneck: wood sugar is converted into butadiene and from there into buna rubber. Other synthetic rubber processes — for instance, the recent

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Swedish Thiokol method — are based almost exclusively on the waste products from forest industries.

The Germans have also announced the discovery of a method to manufacture whole gasoline directly from wood. This is at least theoretically possible, since petroleum is vegetation which has undergone heat and pressure treatment by nature. The process can be duplicated and speeded through laboratory practices. Back in 1936 Nazi chemists claimed that their wood gasoline had proved to be the best in the world. However, the writer has not seen any of their processes at work, and although there exist at least two so-called factories for the manufacture of *Holz Benzin*, he is inclined to believe that these are only pilot-plants in which processes have not yet gone beyond the experimental stage and have been over-advertised.

Quite as important as fuel to transportation are lubricants. Europe makes up some of its lubricant shortages by distilling tree stumps. On March 27, 1942 the Swedish Minister of Commerce announced that "the production of lubricants from wood will permit the nation's motor traffic to be maintained for the next two years." At present Sweden is deriving twenty-five thousand tons of heavy motor oils yearly from wood distillation. By putting prisoners of war and other "labor slaves" to work in the forests, yanking up tree stumps for the distillation factories, Nazi lubricant shortages are eased.

Clothing

The amazing expansion of rayon as a serious competitor to the traditional five — wool, cotton, linen, silk, and jute — was an international development before the war, with America well up in front. But it is not always realized that 90 per cent of the world's rayon is made of wood cellulose, and that the world's rayon yarn production during 1941 — 550,000 tons — was about twelve times the output of natural silk.

During the last decade another wood-derived textile has invaded the markets. Production of staple fiber, frequently referred to as artificial wool, has risen from 4000 tons in 1932 to more than 600,000 tons in 1941, surpassing even rayon, its elder sister.

In addition to the vital war functions noted, Hitler's rediscovered raw material continues to play its part for all structural purposes — in such products as fiberboards, plywood, compressed and impregnated woods, malleable ureawoods,

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wood-derived plastics and the increasing catalog of treated and laminated papers. In the last field American practice is far beyond Germany's, but in the others we have much to learn from the Nazis.

III

Are the new developments here and abroad merely war expedients, or have they come to stay and continue to progress?

Their economic practicality in a world of normal needs will certainly be put to severe test when the war-expanded metal industries will look for peace markets, when the sugar growers of the West Indies, Hawaii and the Philippines, and the cotton producers of our South will try to get rid of their stockpiles, and when the makers of concrete and the processors of asphalt will no longer be able to dump their products into bunkers, frontier walls, and other fortifications.

On the other hand, there will be the huge needs of reconstruction and rehabilitation followed by immense peacetime demands for domestic consumption goods. It may not be excess of raw materials which will embarrass our victory economy, but the mass need for enough materials to satisfy fabrication demands. Therefore, wherever forest products prove economical and technically adequate to meet engineering and fabricating standards, the new wood uses will remain to be further developed.

It is improbable that in America, at least, our forests will be asked to provide edible sugars, machine lubricants, or even carbohydrate animal fodders, because cane and sugar beets, petroleum, and the grains are established in our pattern of abundance. But wood will retain importance in each of the five great fields of consumption: food, clothing, shelter, transportation and fuel.

Wood-derived yeast with a protein content as great as beef is cheap because it is made from sawdust, a sawmill waste. The world at large suffers from protein deficiency even in the most serene peace times. Plans to encourage agriculture to increase the output of meat, milk, and animal fats will stimulate demands for protein fodder to supplement the carbohydrates fed poultry, cattle and hogs.

The synthetic fibers are out for world conquest. They need not supplant the traditional textiles in order to expand, at least as long as there is still a woman living who thinks she does not have enough in her wardrobe to wear.

The practicability of prefabri-

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cated housing has been proved for all time by the war. Dwellings constructed of interchangeable wood or wood-derived units mass-produced in factories and put together in a few hours on a given site, will change the aspect of our cities, make slum elimination inevitable, and enliven the architectural habits of tradition. Prefabrication will be the backbone of modern city planning.

Plywood airplanes are already used in combat and plywood or wood-plastic motor-car bodies are on the drafting boards. The new wood uses reduce the weight-power ratio of transportation units, which has been the chief problem in the field. As for fuel, wood-gas generators used in wooded areas — roughly all but ten of our forty-eight States — will permit full mechanization of agriculture, for motor power will be fed with the cheapest fuel in the world — forest waste. Any farmer with a woodlot will "roll his own." Low-combustion stoves and furnaces using the same fuel can provide similarly economical domestic heat. Alcohol derived from sawdust and woodpulp waste will be needed to stretch the world's dwindling petroleum supplies.

The real question is whether the world's forests survive the drain? The answer is that they can — if properly managed.

For one thing, the trend of all the new wood uses is to employ the 73 per cent of harvested timber, which previously had no use, and to find economic employment for inferior species and grades of trees. Such intensive use provides two keys to abundance. One, obviously, is the full use of what has heretofore been thrown away. The other is the realization that trees are a crop that can be planted, grown, harvested, replanted and thus be forever replenished; that a tree may be used or destroyed but a forest is practically eternal; that good forestry is the most massive type of cyclical agriculture.

Recently leaders of the forest industries here have summed up that realization in a single term — tree-farming. It is the name for a systematic program of conservation reforestation. Under it our 462 million acres of commercial forest-land can readily meet the rapidly expanding demand for the product as chemistry and engineering uncover more and more of the wonders of wood.

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THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

The Stage in War and Peace

Postwar Drama.—An indication of what we may possibly expect in one phase of the postwar drama is to be had in the case of the lately produced play, *Tomorrow The World.* It is the theory of the authors of that exhibit that only by kindness, chivalry and tender consideration, along with maybe a bit of dialectics on the superiority of the democratic way of life, may the twelve million youngsters who have been indoctrinated with Nazism be redeemed into comfortable world citizens. That more of this faith-hope-and-charity philosophy in regard to the Germans will permeate our stages once the war is over and that forgive-and-let-live will take the place of the present hate-and-kill doctrine seems, if the record of the past be taken into consideration, more or less likely.

It is generally the way of the theatre, save only the French, to become so generous to an enemy after a war that the previous boiling attitude toward him takes on an aspect of having been not only bounderish but slightly ridiculous. After our own Civil War there issued forth all kinds of Northern plays with Dixie heroines so magnolia-fair and lovable and Southern soldiers so valorous and handsome that the Yankee characters seemed nigh deep-dyed villains in comparison. After the last war with the Hun, Boche or whatever he was called during it, there was so much sentimental vocalizing of *Heidelberg, Dear Heidelberg* in one form or another that the stage sometimes metaphorically appeared to regard our own Harvard as a foul concentration camp and our own Yale and Princeton as relative smallpox quarantines. And the quondam detested German, when he showed up dramatically or musically at all, showed up as either an old professor so adorable you could hardly stand him or a children's nurse so sweet you could taste her for days afterward. And when it wasn't the old professor or the nurse it was either a naturalized old German who threw kisses every ten minutes to the picture of Lincoln over the mantel or a plump female

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household servant who exuded enough homely charm to fascinate a boa constrictor.

In the case of other past wars between other nations it has frequently operated likewise. A short time after the last battle has been fought, their stages have treated the bloody matter as little more than an ordinary barroom fight, with both boozers affectionately wrapping their arms around each other, buying each other a drink, and singing *Sweet Adeline* at the tops of their lungs.

Whether the authors of *Tomorrow The World* are correct in their assumption, I would not know. Whether someone like Dr. Richard M. Brickner in his book *Is Germany Incurable?* is in turn correct in his slightly less positive recipe for paranoid rehabilitation, I also would not know. And whether the all-out realists, sterilizationists, mass-killers and such are correct in their therapeutics, I similarly would not know. But, when it comes to the drama, I do know that such love-cures-all ideological exhibits as this *Tomorrow The World* and others like it which are unquestionably due to befall us once the war is done stubbornly and idiotically take on the air of the innumerable old reform school and prison plays in which the kindly ministrations of some small-town Aunt Minnie in the first instance transformed the erstwhile little scoundrel Gus into an angel a week after he was released, and by the simple saying of grace before meals and the reading of the Scriptures after the apple pie in the second completely regenerated all the escaped long-record convicts who, in the guise of long-lost nephews, came to rob the old widow of her life's savings.

What is more, I hardly think that ingrained Nazis, young or old, are to be turned, whether in life or in reputable drama, into cherubim closely resembling Hartley Manners and Catherine Chisholm Cushing by Manners and Cushing grease-paint psychology.

* * *

Air Power Note. — The trouble in the matter seems to be that, whereas the war strategists have not sufficiently heeded Major de Seversky, the war playwrights have so enthusiastically oversubscribed to his theory that the drama has frequently been bombed plumb into the storehouse.

* * *

Fleurs du Mal. — The fruity encomiums lately visited upon the youth, Skippy Homeier, for his performance in the before-mentioned *Tomorrow The World* indicate once again that, all things con-

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sidered, one of the surest ways for an actor or actress to make a hit with the public and the critics is to get hold of the rôle of an odious and detestable character. In the theatre of the last thirty years or more there is small record of any player who has failed in such a rôle, provided only it was sufficiently despicable. From the day Jameson Lee Finney, after years of getting nowhere, found himself in the part of a character without a single redeeming trait in *The Deep Purple* and was forthwith acclaimed a cabotin of size to the more recent success of such novices as Mary Anderson as the young viper in *Guest In The House* and this Homeier youngster, the statistics seem to be eccentrically on the side of anti-sweetness-and-light. Moreover, it has often been that way in the farther past. More mediocre actresses have got by as Hedda than ever good ones have prospered as Nora.

Katherine Kaelred was a nonentity until she appeared as the Kipling vampire in *A Fool There Was.* Chrystal Herne waited for her real chance until *Craig's Wife* came along. Florence McGee has been lost since she floored audiences as the vicious brat in *The Children's Hour.* Henry Daniell in *Kind Lady*, Mary Morris in *Double Door*, Flora Robson in *Ladies In Retirement*, Otto Preminger in *Margin For Error*, Vincent Price in *Angel Street* and dozens in other such rôles — whether the plays or the actors have been meritorious or not — have come off with flying colors.

Just as there is no truth in the old facetia that nobody loves a fat man, as the success on the stage of all sorts of meatballs like Maclyn Arbuckle, Frank McIntyre, Sydney Greenstreet, *et al.*, have attested, so there seems to be little truth in the belief that audiences invariably cotton most greatly to characters possessed of honor and nobility.

* * *

Romance, The Exile. — Among the many war plays that thus far have emerged from America, England and Russia there has been none with a theatrically romantic hero. Whereas the plays dealing not only with the first World War but with wars from the beginning of dramatic time have here and there offered in their central figures magnificoes to warm the cockles of the romantic heart, the present exhibits have purveyed protagonists sympathetic, pitiable, admirable, valiant, efficient and what not else, but in no case that I recall one of the rose-wreathed and imagination-bouncing fellows of other days.

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The more war becomes a matter steadily less of brilliant plumes and shining swords and dazzling uniforms and is increasingly resolved into machine versus machine this is perhaps bound to be. The picturesqueness of past wars has gone with the wind, and with it inevitably the picturesqueness of its heroes. And thus it is that we presently have protagonists little different from so many business men in olive drab suits, and making the same kind of speeches, the same kind of gestures, and even the same kind of love.

Since it would require altogether too much space to give a complete catalogue in illustrative proof, run your eye quickly over some of the specimens actually disclosed in the last two seasons:

Elderly sea captains viewing the war as just another prosaic job; Cockney barge owners belatedly waking up to danger only when their shacks have been bombed by the enemy; surgeons going about their business as impersonally as veterinarians; Russian officers comporting themselves like Dun and Bradstreet bookkeepers; wearied soldiers trapped in cellars with Nazis and struggling for two stage hours against fatal drowsiness; and American farm youths sentimentally resigning themselves to the cause and, after kissing their girls a brief good-bye, making off and subsequently conducting their action with letters to the girls and to their parents. All thoroughly commendable, but hardly romantic by the theatre of yesterday's star-woven and stimulating standards.

Go on. Civilians converting themselves into saboteurs and going about their jobs like so many expert plumbers; aviators losing their flying nerve because their wives are philandering with movie actors; other aviators who, after announcing that they have just shot down an enemy plane, spend the rest of the evening miscellaneously fondling the wenches in a barroom; profound college professors exerting themselves to persuade twelve-year-old Nazi children that they have been on the wrong track; and mayors of small invaded towns philosophizing: "I am afraid, I am terribly afraid, and I thought of all the things I might do to save my own life, and then" — and then scholastically quoting Socrates.

Go on further. Soldiers held by the enemy and leaning weakly on Helen Hayes to liberate them; English secret service agents made fools of by a Nazi masquerading as the British Chief of Staff; clergymen in Scottish bomb cellars trying

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to beat Hitler with prayers; young American soldiers in camp fluctuating between their love for burlesque stripteasers and their duty; Norwegian barbers' sons shoveling Nazi corpses down cellar doors; privates spouting war economics for two and a half hours; young English soldiers billeted in rich homes and insulting their hosts with belligerent reflections on class distinctions; and so on.

The romantic heroes of war drama from the time of early Greece to William Gillette must be turning over in their graves.

* * *

Pontification. — No happily married theatrical reviewer can be a wholly reliable critic of a girl show.

* * *

Credit Where Credit Is Due. — The rumpus against Thornton Wilder for his failure to credit James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* with much of the inspiration for his *The Skin Of Our Teeth* brings to mind other instances where playwrights have presented as entirely original with them plays that in varying part have been paraphrases of the work of others. Whether these playwrights have had private understandings in the use of the material and whether they have duly reimbursed those others, I do not know. All I know is that no programme credit has been given when the plays were first presented, and that the plays have been offered to audiences as solely the playwrights' own.

Thus, A. E. Thomas' successful comedy, *The Rainbow*, had many points in common with MM. Guinon's and Bouchinet's comedy, *Son Père*, which had been done in Paris sometime before to considerable critical and popular acclaim. The Messrs. Kaufman's and Connelly's prosperous *Beggar On Horseback* leaned heavily, as anyone familiar with the European theatre instantly recognized, upon the Paul Apel comedy, *Hans Sonnenstösser's Trip To Hell.* The central character in Winchell Smith's and Frank Bacon's exceptionally popular *Lightnin'* was intrinsically much the same as the central character in the well-known play of a generation or more before called *Tennessee's Pardner.* (Frank Bacon himself played the rôle in the earlier play as in the later.) Avery Hopwood's comedy, *Double Exposure*, was throughout a paraphrase of Wilhelm von Scholz's comedy, shown in Germany years before, called *Exchanged Souls.* And there have been numerous other instances.

I do not accuse these playwrights of plagiarism, but I do accuse them of damned impolite manners.

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Nesting of the Birds

A great many of the phenomena of earth, nor is it straining a paradox to say so, are too close and readily visible to be seen. Because nearly every one of us has from birth seen trees, we do not peer sharply at a tree and marvel at it and catch our breath with wonder. Who is startled, as he ought to be, by the formation of a common rock? Who is not blinkered by familiarity? At this season, now, there is drawing toward its close the nesting time of the birds. We all know that; it is a commonplace. But of the intimacies of birds' domesticity, of the patterns of the great annual rite now being carried

The Nesting of the Birds — *Frank Utpatel*

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out to conclusion by the common robins and thrushes and wrens and phoebes of our familiar landscape . . . what do we see and know of those things? It is easy to let the familiar escape our attention; but if we do give sharp and close notice to bird-nesting, there comes discovery that this phenomenon, too, like every other of earth's small accepted commonplaces, reveals to scrutiny its share of strangeness and loveliness and wonder. Even in skeletal outline, the history of a mated pair of common dooryard birds is worth our knowing.

Most of our birds are monogamous, in the sense that they do not have more than one mate at a time. There may be changes of mate from summer to summer, or between broods in the same season, but during each single cycle of domesticity there is commonly a monogamous fidelity. There are exceptions, of course (among crows, for instance, those most plastic and adaptable offspring of wild nature), but in general it is the way of birds truly to pair. One male and one female, in faithful association, carry through the ritual of which the whole activity — from building of the nest to final self-supporting maturity of the young — is compressed into the span of a month or six weeks in the noon of the year.

The opening performance of the season belongs to the male. It is he who selects the general area in which the nest is to be built. When he reaches the north, in the season of bloodroot and dog-tooth violet, he stakes, quite literally, a claim. He chooses a territory, and takes title to it by his singing there. The female, when she accepts him as mate, accepts the territory. Thenceforth it belongs by bird-understanding to this one particular pair of birds. It will devolve upon the male to defend it against the trespass of other birds. Should he be a wren, his protection of his claimed allotment may be valiant to ferocity.

Now the selection of the exact nest site: this being the undertaking of the female. Logically this falls to her, for it is she who will be builder. The male bird, generally speaking, does not build. When his mate has started her building, he may bring wisps and snippets and bits of twigs to her, but it is scarcely a part of the nest-making. Rarely does she use the offerings. They are only a part of his courtship and an expression of devotion. Among wrens, the male may even in early Spring construct whole nests — even a dozen of them — and do so before he has yet mated. But it is not a true building. The

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nests are not used. They are dummies, and their construction surmisedly is only a courtship-gesture, as another kind of bird in this ecstatic season of the earth's flowering and fecundity may dance or somersault in the air or spread his tail-feathers and strut.

II

The female's building of the true nest takes, among most dooryard birds, about six days: perhaps four for the outside architecture, two for smoothing and rounding with her soft breast the interior contours of the cup. That is the usual tempo and rhythm. But in every phase of birds' nesting there are many exceptions to generalities, many expressions of individualism, many deviations from the "regular behavior patterns" in terms of which wild lives may customarily be plotted. Let a storm destroy the finished nest, which has taken six days in building, and the female may build a whole new nest, ready for occupancy, in a single day. The laying of eggs is a function belonging to physiology. It will not wait. A female bird's instinctive drive is to have the nest finished one day before the first egg is laid.

And now the laying of the eggs. This too has its customary tempo, though not invariably: one egg is laid each day, almost always at the same hour of each day. The female is not yet inhabiting the nest with any constancy. The maternal instinct in her swells only slowly in crescendo, and mostly she is now away from the nest, feeding, or anticking with her mate, or listening to the outpouring of his song. There is good reason. If hawks, snakes, cats, owls, are going to find her nest and destroy it, let them do so now. Her devotion to home is not yet strong; she is prepared to desert without serious upset of her cycle. Little will be lost. Only later, when the nest has proved its safeness by freedom from attack, will the female bird have developed her passionate broodiness and attachment to her home.

Incubation of the eggs does not begin until the last one of the clutch has been laid. The young, thus, will hatch all at one time. Here again are exceptions, as in the case of owls; but the story of bird-nesting can be traced, in less than a book, only in terms of central theme and pattern. Special variations are without number.

The female is sitting close on her nest now. The brood-spot, the bare area on her breast, is suffused with blood and very warm. Its covering feathers parted, it feels the contact

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of the completed clutch of eggs; the female huddles and nestles closer, and the time of her broodiness is upon her. She will not now desert the nest. She will battle for it. Scarcely does she leave at all now, and the male brings food to her and sings to her and is more watchful than ever against intruders in the territory. If he be inconspicuous in color, as she is, he may take turns with her in incubating. But if he be a brightly plumaged male, as in many species, he will not incubate, for such is the instinct, born of evolution, to keep the nest inconspicuous.

The incubation period varies, but is likely to be a little less than two weeks. At the end of that period, during which the mother, aided or unaided by the father, has kept the eggs warm with the warmth of her body, and has turned them every day with her beak or feet, there comes a stirring in the eggs. There is a little sound of tapping and chipping. It is the young ones, ready now to break the shells. They achieve the breaking by means of an egg-tooth: a little hard tubercle on the upper mandible. It is a special and temporary equipment, and will disappear within a few days. Now, as the fledgelings chip their way free and lie in the nest-cup, their mother is busy with the débris of the shells. She swallows them, or carries them off and leaves them in a hidden place.

Most dooryard birds are altricial, not precocial, which is to say, they are naked and blind, not downy and alert as are the chicks of many game fowl and shore birds. They develop slowly, and only with enormous feeding. The feeding does not start at once; there is a foodless interval which varies among different species. But when it does begin it is a monumental undertaking. A fledgeling may eat the equivalent of its own weight every day. Young robins, in experimental test, have eaten fourteen feet of earthworm in a day. A nestful of infant wrens, under steady observation, have been seen to receive daily parental feedings to the number of twelve hundred. The enormous work which the parents must perform is lightened only to this extent: that they need not keep track of the problem of rotational feeding, and need not take care lest any one infant eat too much. The food is simply given to that young one which makes the most noise; and when he has had enough he cannot greedily continue to eat more, for there is a nervous mechanism in a baby bird's throat which prevents his swallowing when he has had enough for his good. Let a worm or a bug dawdle on its way

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into the extended maw, and mother or father bird plucks it quickly out again and gives it to another of the infants.

So at last, in a few days, pinfeathers. In a few days, the learning by the fledgelings of what the parents' call-notes mean: "Crouch!" "Raise heads!" "Stay motionless!" And with this a coming (late, in the case of altricial young) of an awareness of the meaning of fear. It is not born into them until they are nearly ready to leave the nest. When it comes — this last and vital equipment for life in a world where death lurks everywhere — they are grown restless. They beat their wings. They perch on the nest-rim. And then on some morning they are gone. For a little while the parents follow them, keep track of them, feed them. Then the family is disbanded forever. The cycle is completed. Among the adult birds that raise more than one seasonal brood, there are now new songs, new courtings, new carryings of stuffs to build new nests. The past, as among all wild things, is totally the past.

It is not possible to tell more than skeletally and in generalities the story of nesting. There are a thousand particulars, a thousand specializings and behaviors which belong peculiarly to one species. There are areas of guess and speculation. Why nests at all? Why different colorings of eggs? What of the way in which killdeers decoy enemies from the nest by feigning a broken wing? . . . and what of the little "push-buttons," solely by pressure on which can a baby dove be made to open his mouth? What of birds that build no nest at all?

The subject is ample, for a season or a lifetime. A man might do worse than look into it, now before the sultry days when almost all nesting will have ended. Bird-nesting is a commonplace, like trees or rocks. But also, under intimate scrutiny, it may, like these and like all else in the natural world, conjure in its way the ancient wonder of the earth.

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THE LIBRARY

China and the Brave New World

By J. Donald Adams

Never before in the history of American publishing has there been such a wealth of informed and perceptive books about the world we live in and that new world which lies within our power to make. For the last year or two particularly, they have been coming from the presses in a steady stream — these books which reflect and appraise the tremendous panorama of our time. The average of their quality is arrestingly high; when viewed in comparison with the corresponding output of World War I it seems even higher.

There are two chief reasons for the change which has taken place since the shallow and scanty literature of the earlier war years; they must be apparent to any thoughtful reader who gives the matter a moment's reflection. The first is this country's immeasurably broader view of the international scene; the second is the large number of widely experienced observers which American newspapers and magazines have developed during the intervening years.

Broader though the American viewpoint is by comparison with that of the country which mustered its first overseas armies in 1917, it is not yet broad enough. Nor perceptive enough. Nor informed enough. Nor wise enough. The educational task which such books have to perform is enormous; how keen is the appetite for the kind of knowledge they can impart is evidenced by the skyrocketing sales of Mr. Willkie's *One World*. The amazing success of that volume is even more significant than the book itself; it bespeaks a nation which is acquiring new reading habits faster than it realizes — a nation which stands on the threshold of a new adventure of the mind.

J. DONALD ADAMS *has been editor of the New York* Times Book Review *since 1925. Before that he worked in various capacities on several other newspapers, including the New York* Sun and Herald, *the Seattle* Post-Intelligencer, *the Providence, R. I.,* Journal *and the New Bedford, Mass.,* Evening Standard.

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I have chosen to write about two of these new books,[1] selecting them partly because they provide an interesting contrast, both in subject matter and in the kinds of writing they represent. *Is China a Democracy?*, by Creighton Lacy, is valuable chiefly for the information which it brings together and presents so clearly and so interestingly. It is a book which, for the average intelligent and well-informed American, opens new doors and exciting prospects on that new world that may, or shall we say, must be, merely by virtue of the facts which it unpretentiously provides. Vincent Sheean's *Between the Thunder and the Sun* is the work of a highly skilled and gifted writer; it deals, in large part, with a world that has gone forever; and it makes us more keenly aware of why we have been living through the closing of a chapter in human history. Its virtues lie in its power to suggest and to evoke — altogether a horse of a different color.

Creighton Lacy is a very young man, son of a distinguished missionary family. He was born in China, but received his formal education at Swarthmore and Yale, where he is now a graduate student. Young as he is, he has written a book which, though brief and unassuming, deserves, I believe, the widest possible reading by all those of the Western World who have the future of democracy at heart.

Democracy is one of those words now so constantly — and loosely — used, as to stand in need of the sharpest sort of definition — perhaps, even, of re-definition. We cannot make the peace that is to come a peace of any validity unless we know precisely the true nature of the goal we have set for ourselves.

What do we mean when we describe that goal as the triumph of democracy? I believe that Mr. Lacy's little book can be of very definite help in getting that question straight in our minds.

In his concluding chapter, affirming the historic fact of Chinese democracy, Mr. Lacy reminds us of the definition offered by Lord Halifax at the Pilgrims' dinner in New York in 1941. He described the essential character of true democracy in these terms:

> First, the religious principle of the absolute value of every human soul. Second, the moral principle of respect for personality and for conscience. Third, the social principle of individual liberty, finding its expression in two ways: in the sphere of politics through equal opportunity, justice, and the rule of law; and economically, through the direction of national effort

[1] Is China a Democracy? $1.50. *John Day.* Between the Thunder and the Sun. $3.00. *Random House.*

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to the creation of conditions that may bring some real security into the daily life of our humblest citizen. And, finally, the domestic principle of the sanctity and solidarity of the family, which is the natural development of the individual.

This is, it seems to me, the clearest and most comprehensive expression of fundamental democratic principles that I know. Mr. Lacy quotes it to very good effect, because there is nothing contained therein which has not been exemplified for many centuries past in the life of the great nation whose rebirth and re-dedication to those principles we have been witnessing in recent years. I think that no reasonable reader can follow through Mr. Lacy's statement of the case for Chinese democracy without reaching the conclusion that if we put the emphasis on substance rather than on form, the Chinese have achieved in their lives through many generations as large a measure of actual democracy as any nation under the sun. It is true that the exigencies of her desperate and valiant struggle against Japanese aggression have momentarily forced the surrender of much that goes with the democratic way of life. China today lives under an actual dictatorship, but I think it is impossible to read Mr. Lacy's marshaling of facts and not to believe that China will press forward to the adoption of democratic forms at the earliest possible moment. The logic of that course lies deep in the Chinese character, in the aspirations and the convictions which the Chinese people have developed through long centuries of wise teaching and sincere endeavor. Their new constitution is framed and ready; it waits only for the hour to strike.

China can be our great ally, not only in the winning of this war (if she receives from us the help which is her due), but also in the building of that more equitable world on which we and the British profess to pin our hopes. Both Britain and America, North and South, have much to learn from the principles and practice that the Chinese have laid down and followed since a time when the ancestors of the recent overlords of Asia were emerging from the tribal state.

It pulls one up sharp to be reminded, as Mr. Lacy reminds us, that "Great landed estates, the principal rural barrier to democracy in the West, were eliminated from the social pattern of China centuries ago."

The founders of the Han dynasty about 200 B.C. created a number of feudal states planned as a counterpoise to the

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centralized despotism which threatened the country. Within a civilization already so advanced, feudalism was quickly seen to be — as Dr. Hu Shih has expressed it — "a political anachronism." So the rulers of China, men whose immediate forefathers had been sons of the soil, acted quietly and effectively. With the serene wisdom of ages, confident of endless ages to come, the Han statesmen issued a decree. There was no guillotine, no purging of the nobility; there was no confiscation of private lands or drastic inheritance taxes — none of the weapons the impatient West has used. The imperial decree simply abolished the law of primogeniture and ordered that all estates and principalities be divided equally among the sons of a family. A man might still acquire large properties and develop great fortunes with the blessings of the gods. But in a society where many descendants were the rule, it took only a few generations to reduce any sizable holdings. And in a land where the only permanent wealth was the good earth, there could be no lasting distinctions of social or economic class. Even those who, through misfortune, were forced to cultivate the larger farms rather than their own felt a sense of participation and community pride that European serfs or tenant farmers seldom experienced.

All that I can do within this space is to suggest the value for American — and British — and Russian readers, of the food for earnest thinking that is contained in Mr. Lacy's book. Nowhere else, so far as I know, are gathered together in such compact and digestible form, the reasons which make China one of the inevitable leaders in the world that is to rise from the ashes of the one whose doom is presaged in the pages of Mr. Sheean's *Between the Thunder and the Sun.*

II

The writer whose *Personal History* set the pace for a long succession of similar books is one of the most sensitive and suggestive reporters of our time. Mr. Sheean has traveled, it would appear, almost as far ideologically since he wrote *Personal History* as he has in his criss-crossing of the globe. He sees Soviet Russia much more objectively than he once did, and that is a very good sign.

In *Between the Thunder and the Sun* he has written one of the most readable books of the year and, in some respects, one of the most illuminating. Early reviewers of the book were inclined to sniff at Mr. Sheean's obvious pleasure in his contacts with what we somewhat loosely refer to as "the great world." It is true that he delights to tell of his visits among the socially elect and those in places of power, but he does so with perfect awareness of what attracts him, and without loss of the sympathies which move his mind and heart. His book is rich in good stories and in keenly observed glimpses of

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that same "great world"; his account of an evening in the company of Mr. Churchill, the Duke of Windsor, and others, is one of the best.

But to put its value as succinctly as possible, *Between the Thunder and the Sun* is written in the sometimes fierce and sometimes eerie light cast by the great conflagration which we have seen spread over the skies of the entire world; its pages are strangely illuminated by that light, as he writes of Britain and France in the days when the tragedy was shaping to its climax, of China and the East Indies, of the vast Pacific as it waited for the blow that fell at Pearl Harbor. It is a good book of a very personal sort, as everything of Mr. Sheean's is; and it succeeds in doing what all good books do: it communicates.

CHECK LIST

MEN IN MOTION, by Henry J. Taylor. $3.00. *Doubleday, Doran.* Successful business man, correspondent, student of American history, and possessed of a sharp eye into character and a very considerable skill in English composition, Mr. Taylor has here written a sound and solid book, full of insight, good sense, and genuine revelations. Perhaps for the first time he tells the full story behind the invention of Radar, the miraculous apparatus which did so much to save England in the dark days of 1940, and the stupendous part General Mihailovich and his Chetniks played in the defeat of Rommel. He gives fine portraits of Air Chief Marshal Tedder, Captain Edward Ellsberg, Robert Murphy, and Dr. Hans Dieckhoff of the Nazi Foreign Office — and he does so trenchantly, without cheap anger or fulsome praise.

He exposes thoroughly the fuzziness behind the Second Front noise some months ago, and he makes abundantly clear the reasons for the fundamental strategy of the United Nations in Europe: "to lure the German air strength into the air and shoot it to pieces." He argues cogently that destroying the Nazis would not abolish the German problem, which is an ingrained conviction, held by the German nation as a whole, of its racial superiority and consequent right to dominate. Finally, Mr. Taylor warns the American people not to promise too much in the way of help to postwar Europe, first, because we cannot possibly keep all our promises, and second because Europe must learn to help itself. America itself must eliminate collectivism within its own borders and "return to its moral and intellectual foundations." "Through long years we have been wasting and abusing the liberties our ancestors won."

MAN IN STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION, by Fritz Kahn, M.D. 2 vols. $10.00. *Knopf.* Probably the most brilliant modern book on human anatomy and physiology; a thousand-odd pages of text and several hundred illustrations dealing with every phase and function of the human machine. Embryology, the human skeleton, the musculature, blood circulation, respiration and digestion are treated — in an original and highly readable style — in the first volume. The second is devoted to nutrition, the nervous system, the skin and sensory organs, and sex life. The author's drawings are an integral part of the informative and entertaining method of presentation. Rarely has the basic anatomical and biological facts been presented to a lay audience more excitingly and instructively.

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CAVALCADE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL, by Edward Wagenknecht. $4.00. *Holt.* A superior textbook of English prose fiction from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present. Mr. Wagenknecht is more effective as a historian than as a critic, but his volume will be useful to the general reader as well as the student.

CLAUSEWITZ ON THE ART OF WAR, presented by Joseph I. Greene. $1.50. *Longmans, Green.* The latest addition to the Living Thoughts Library. The condensation of Clausewitz's classic, *On War*, is made by the editor of the *Infantry Journal*, who also contributes an excellent biographical, critical and historical introduction.

JAPAN'S MILITARY MASTERS, by Hillis Lory. $2.50. *Viking.* A detailed and extremely well-informed discussion of the military class in Japan — its leaders, its tradition, its relation to the Emperor, its roots in the people, and its very great power as a political, economic and cultural force. There is a foreword by Joseph C. Grew, our last ambassador to Tokyo.

MASTERS OF MOBILE WARFARE, by Elbridge Colby. $2.00. *Princeton.* The three masters discussed by Colonel Colby are Marlborough, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. He holds that "their fields of action may be narrow as compared with the world-wide scope of our war today, but in terms of relative mobility of means there is little real difference."

THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, edited by John Skally Terry. $3.00. *Scribner's.* These letters cover the major part of Wolfe's life, from 1909 to 1938, when he died. Only about one twentieth of the letters have any value; the rest are trivial. Wolfe comes out of the volume an ambitious, wordy, complaining young man who was overmuch attached to his mother and the rest of his family, which is hardly news to readers of his books. One hopes that some future editor will gather Wolfe's really important letters to Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Perkins, *et al.*, for in them he discusses his theories of fiction, offers opinions about dead and living authors, and reveals his political philosophy, such as it was.

PIONEER TO THE PAST, by Charles Breasted. $3.50. *Scribner's.* This is a fascinating biography of James H. Breasted, one of the truly great men in our history, by his son. Dr. Breasted was long in finding himself. He began as a pharmacy clerk, then switched to the ministry and finally plunged into the study of ancient cultures. He occupied the first chair in Egyptology in the United States, at the University of Chicago, and the magnitude of his researches probably cannot be overestimated. He ranks with the greatest archeologists, historians and philologists of all time.

ORDER IN THE COURT, by John C. Knox. $2.75. *Scribner's.* The senior United States district judge for the Southern District of New York reviews some of his experiences during the twenty-five years he has served on the Federal bench. He writes pleasantly, and while he has "feelings of both apprehension and concern" regarding some of the opinions of the more "liberal" Supreme Court justices, he holds the American judiciary as a whole in high regard. His book should interest the general reader as well as lawyers.

THIS WAS NEW YORK. THE NATION'S CAPITAL IN 1789, by Frank Monaghan and Marvin Lowenthal. $2.75. *Doubleday, Doran.* A fine, well-written, expertly documented portrait of life in New York at the founding of the Republic — political, social, journalistic, medical, religious, mercantile, sanitary, educational.

IS GERMANY INCURABLE?, by Richard M. Brickner. $3.00. *Lippincott.* Dr. Brickner, who is assistant professor of clinical neurology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons

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of Columbia University, argues that the "mass actions of the German nation" for over a hundred years have revealed a distinctly paranoid trend, and that only psychiatric treatment for the whole nation can bring lasting relief to it and the rest of the world which it has plagued so long. Drs. Margaret Mead and Edward A. Strecker contribute introductions.

THE MIND AND FAITH OF JUSTICE HOLMES, edited by Max Lerner. $4.00. *Little, Brown.* An anthology of speeches, essays and letters by the late justice. Mr. Lerner contributes an introduction and a commentary, which, unfortunately, are written in his usual wordy, pontifical manner.

THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, by John Erskine. $2.50. *Macmillan.* A brief yet remarkably inclusive history of the most celebrated orchestra in the United States. Mr. Erskine deals not only with the music and the players, but also with the general culture of the time, the financial difficulties of the orchestra and the quality of the annotators. About half of the volume is given over to reprinting the programs during the years 1917–1942. A valuable reference book.

GIANTS GONE, by Ernest Poole. $2.75. *Whittlesey House.* A series of connected sketches of the men and women who made Chicago — from such industrialists as Ogden and Armour to such pure souls as Jane Addams and John P. Altgeld. Excellent regional stuff, and also of interest to the general reader.

CONRAD AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES, by J. H. Retinger. $2.50. *Roy.* Mr. Retinger probably knew Conrad better than most others who have written about him. Here he sets down stray observations on the master's idiosyncrasies, working habits, domestic life, views on other writers — and there is a hint of a mysterious woman in his life. It is very likely that when the definitive life of Conrad is written, the present volume will be heavily relied upon. The illustrations by Feliks Topolski are superb.

HITLER: MAN OF STRIFE, by Ludwig Wagner. $3.00. *Norton.* This biography is based chiefly on sources exhausted by Heiden and Olden previous to 1934, it pays little attention to recent literature, and too much to Hitler's *Mein Kampf.*

BAUDELAIRE THE CRITIC, by Margaret Gilman. $3.00. *Columbia.* A highly specialized study of the eminent French poet as critic of the arts, heavily documented and superbly organized. There is a full bibliography of Baudelaire's critical writings.

MEN BEHIND THE WAR, by Johannes Steel. $3.50. *Sheridan House.* Nearly five hundred pages of biographical sketches of the political and military leaders of the Axis and the United Nations, other than American. What the biographies lack in penetration they make up for in liveliness, which is Mr. Steel's long suit. By what standard of judgment he rates the addle-pated Dean of Canterbury among the prime figures of England, or the fourth-rate functionary Lozovski among the key personalities of Russia, is not clear.

SO YOUR HUSBAND'S GONE TO WAR! by Ethel Gorham. $2.00. *Doubleday, Doran.* When her own husband joined the Royal Canadian Air Force, the spirited Mrs. Gorham became aware of endless problems — from the monetary to the amatory — confronting wives under those conditions. Her rambling chapters of advice and homespun philosophy make amusing reading. From the chapter "Wolves in Friends' Clothing," we cite two sentences worth the admission price: "After all, you are too old for seduction, too young to miss having it tried," and "Just because a man is in uniform doesn't mean you are comforting your husband by proxy."

ASCENT TO ZION, by S. Arthur Devan. $2.50. *Macmillan.* Dr. Devan, who is director

(*Continued on page 127*)

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THE OPEN FORUM

QUERY TO THE OWI

SIR: Editing is by revision, deletion and selection; and of these three powers the one most subtle is the power of selection. For example: From the OWI came a release entitled, *Official Statements: USSR*, which one could see at a glance was not the complete text of anything but a series of paragraphs selected from the utterances of Stalin and his ambassadors, one from his official newspaper and one from the Anglo-Soviet Treaty of May 24, 1942; and with all of this a letter saying the idea was to clarify Russia's intentions by the book. Without reading it I put it in my Russian file, thinking it might save me labor at a future time, in case of a dispute over what Stalin had really said. Very soon thereafter such a dispute did arise. I remembered that Stalin had said it was not Russia's aim to disarm Germany.

My assertion of this was challenged, on the ground that he couldn't have said it because Russia had embraced the Atlantic Charter. So I got my OWI release out of the file — *Official Statements: USSR* — and read it for the first time. The statement I remembered was not there.

But I had another document, received at about the same time, entitled, *War And Peace Aims: Extracts From Statements of United Nations Leaders*, a work of 136 pages produced by the United Nations Information Office in New York, acting as "An agency for the governments of Australia, Belgium, Canada, China, Czechoslovakia, Great Britain, Greece, India, Jugoslavia, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, the Philippines, Poland, South Africa; of the Danish Legation and the French National Committee; and of the Government of the United States of America." I noticed that from the list of governments the USSR was missing. Certainly be here, I thought, because, "Stalin, Joseph, war aims," and "USSR" were both large in the index.

Well, it was not there. What the OWI digest had omitted the United Nations Information Office, with 136 pages of room, also had omitted, or selected out. And yet both of them quoted from Stalin's twenty-fifth anniversary speech, the most important and most carefully prepared statement he had made since the beginning of his war with Hitler. And this was strange, since my recollection was strong that what I wanted to find had occurred in that speech. So at last I had to search my newspaper files, which I had thought the OWI release might spare me the trouble of doing — and there it was. Stalin, in his address to the Moscow Soviet, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Revolution, Nov. 6, 1942, said: "It is not our aim to destroy Germany. . . . It is not our aim to destroy all military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that this is not only impossible in regard to Germany, as it is in regard to Russia, but it is also inadvisable from the point of view of the future."

Now what have you? A matter of values? A question of fallible editorial judgment in the exercise of the power of selection? If so, there remains only the coincidence to be explained, — two editors omitting the same thing, one for the Office of War Information and the other for the United Nations Information Office.

GARET GARRETT

Tuckahoe,
New Jersey.

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SELF-DETERMINATION

SIR: Mr. Emery Reves' article in your May issue, "Should the British Empire be Broken Up," delighted me inexpressibly. His denunciation of the "self-determination" doctrine is unanswerable, and proves the necessity of its redefinition. Germany took full advantage of the doctrine and built up military, political, and educational systems that plunged the world into mutual slaughter.

But in this spirit of approval I may be pardoned for remarking that Mr. Reves' article falls a little short on the constructive side. Outside of his suggestion to "guide the impulse toward more organized control into democratic channels," there is no precise, specific recommendation, behind which the common man may rally.

I have felt that a breach must somehow be made into the walls of the "absolute sovereignty" idea; that a wedge must be driven, however thin, to pave the way for its substantial modification. Perhaps the leading nations might be persuaded merely to submit disputes over territorial boundaries to an arbitral tribunal, and agree to abide by its decrees even if disappointing to the national ambitions. While under no illusions of the difficulty confronting even this proposal, it still may afford a clue for something more sagacious.

M. A. GOLDSTONE

San Francisco,
California.

MISSION TO MOSCOW

(*The writer of this letter is a former brigadier general in the Red Army, and has held important posts in the Soviet economic system. Until 1937 he was the Soviet chargé d'affaires in Athens.* — Ed.)

SIR: The film *Mission to Moscow* seems to me an awkward and repulsive falsification of history, and in bad taste to boot. Russian scenario writers and those who prepared the "evidence" for the purge trials will be astonished if and when they see this Hollywood product, since it remakes history in their own expert manner.

Marshal Tukhachevsky was one of the creators of the Red Army. The famous line of fortifications against which Hitler's blitz spent itself in 1941 was Tukhachevsky's creation. The marshal was known to all of us as an implacable enemy of Nazi Germany. After his death the authorities did publish a communique about his secret "trial" — a trial which, I believe, was never held. But even his executioners did not dare at that time to accuse the marshal of espionage or to issue any forged "confessions." The Hollywood meticulous historians, however, have dared to drag his cadaver from the grave, to put him on public trial, and to put words into his mouth. Since, alas, the dead cannot defend their honor, Tukhachevsky will not sue Warner Brothers. If this fact gives them peace of mind, they are welcome to it. The crime against his good name remains.

The significance of the film, of course, is deeper than a belated whitewash of the blood purges. It represents a danger to democratic America because it is propaganda for totalitarianism and its method of mock justice. It is part of the communist "re-education" of Americans. It saps the faith of the American people in genuine justice, and reconciles them to government by terror.

It is no less an insult to the Russian people, to the heroic fighters against Hitler's invasion, to exploit their sacrifice to put over such propaganda on Americans. The Warner Brothers' picture deliberately gives the impression that the courageous fight put up by the Russians is the result of superior totalitarian methods. The plain moral of the film is that war can be waged most successfully if all who disagree or criticize are finished off by the firing squad.

The truth, needless to say, is that the Russian people are fighting brilliantly despite such acts of terror, despite the totalitarian character of their government. Why should that truth be concealed from America?

I believe that the millions who see *Mission to Moscow* are sufficiently firm in their demo-

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cratic faith to reject the mountain of totalitarian invention which is presented to them as authentic recent "history."

ALEXANDER BARMINE

New York City.

ORCHIDS FOR ALAN DEVOE

SIR: May I present a long delayed bouquet to Alan Devoe? Few such tributes have appeared in your correspondence columns, largely, I fancy, because Mr. Devoe's work is not even remotely controversial.

But I know I speak for the majority of your readers when I express appreciation — even gratitude — for the beauty of Mr. Devoe's prose and for the wisdom and harmony of spirit which his essays both reflect and engender.

Those of us who have always been city dwellers are reminded monthly of the fundamental order and peace to be found in the green places. We glimpse briefly the "inner repose" of the naturalist and for a moment it becomes ours. We feel that our lives need not always be entangled in fruitless worries and strivings, in domestic and global conflict. We accept the burden of the present more cheerfully knowing that Earth is waiting, always has been and always will be, to aid us in the realization of a richer, calmer life.

MARJORIE C. BRIBB

Astoria, L. I.,
New York.

DEFENSE OF SPIRITUALISM

SIR: "Calling All Spirits" in the May issue certainly has offended me. Perhaps religion to you is not a sacred thing, but to me it is. How you dare to print such an attack is beyond my comprehension. In times of strife, such as the world is experiencing today, I would think it wise to stress harmony and hoping to further the "Brotherhood of Man" and not to create further dissension and confusion. Spiritualism is my religion and I personally know of thousands of people to whom it has given consolation and inspiration. Spiritualism has been attacked numerous times and will continue to be. Christ was scorned and his miracles were termed "fakes" by the people of his time. So if the Master of old withstood ridicule and physical pain for the things in which He believed, I know we who are Spiritualists can do the same.

You must feel very happy to know that you have ruthlessly attacked something which many people hold sacred.

Yours for the growth of Spiritualism,

REV. FLOYD THORNTON

Battle Creek,
Michigan.

SIR: I am grossly disappointed in you. Here I had come to think of you as a liberal publication. I had thought of you as being American and, through advantage of freedom of the press, would never stoop so low as to persecute a sincere, earnest religious body. I am not a Spiritualist, as far as church membership is concerned, but, rather, a Unitarian. I know spiritualism, however, and I know what Spiritualists know to be true, namely, that the life of the individual continues after the change called death.

Being a student of natural science, it is a matter of course that I prove all things before making a statement as to the validity or falsity of a proposition. Know by this that, as a result of much investigation, I am not only of the opinion but am certain of the immortality of the individual.

Don't you think now, as you reconsider the matter, that you lent your publication to a grossly unjust and un-American cause when you paid out your good money maliciously to belittle the intelligence of such scientists and thinkers as Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle, Dr. Alexis Carel, Stewart Edward White and Flammarion, just to mention a few?

Unless you have had a real change of heart since publishing "Calling All Spirits," and make it known humbly in the columns of your publication, perhaps it would be better for you to seek entrance to Hitler's realm, where you can seek out certain religious bodies to persecute to your heart's content. Certainly, you will be out of place in America,

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where man enjoys the right to worship God as his conscience dictates.

A. M. WADE

Tampa,
Florida.

POSTWAR GERMANY

(The writer of this letter, Ruth Fischer, is a former member of the German Reichstag. At one time a leader of the German Communist Party and prominent in the Communist International, she broke with these movements after Stalin came to power. She has known Stalin and all the communist leaders of her own country closely. — Ed.)

SIR: Postwar problems cannot even be approached without a realistic assessment of the probable relationship between Germany and Russia after the war. Assuming the survival of the Stalinist régime, which present indications make quite warranted, the relationship between these two countries will be of decisive importance for the future of Europe. It would be sheer delusion to suppose that Moscow will be disinterested in the destiny of postwar Germany or that her interest can be limited by "an understanding reached in advance." The hope of American planners apparently is to forestall Stalin by an American-controlled military occupation of Germany, and the establishment of a military and civilian government with the co-operation of friendly German elements. This plan, unfortunately, is based on ideas about both Stalinism and National Socialism which at no point correspond with reality.

Hitler would never have succeeded in seizing power without his socialistic demagogy. He wiped out the labor movement by violence; he tortured and killed tens of thousands of its followers; but he also created in Nazism a new popular organization by exploiting the appeal of "socialism" and "a disciplined, strongly centralized party." By this appeal he won the allegiance of an important part of the German Stalinists, who needed only to change the names of their leaders and recast slightly a few insignificant and pallid slogans. After all, the dominant principle of the Stalinist movement in Germany in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties was that social liberation was possible only through national liberation — which was entirely in agreement with Hitler's views. This perversion of socialist ideals helped the Nazis to capture some active elements in the German working class movement.

In the ten years of Hitler's rule these tendencies of socialistic demagogy have been strengthened. The tremendous concentration of capital has destroyed the middle class and the German population has become overwhelmingly proletarianized. After the catastrophe of defeat, the socialistic trends and aspirations of the German masses will be only sharper and more bitter.

An American military government or an American-British government could not build up an administration without the co-operation of some part of the population. No school-trained administrators will be able to perform a single act without the support of friendly Germans, any more than the British can rule India without the help of the princes and maharajas. The fight against the Nazis in the last period of the war will take the form of civil war, led undoubtedly by that part of the workers and soldiers actively concerned with the overthrow of Nazism. These workers and soldiers will be forced by the last brutal stand of the dying Nazi régime to organize themselves very strongly. To deprive them of the right of self-government would necessitate the imposition of British and American-made puppets drawn from the ranks of the middle class and civilian personnel of the public services. Such an imposition from without would soon result in the disillusionment of the occupying forces and a complete collapse of their plan.

The German managers will not be able to handle the problems of the newly-created German states efficiently. They will cry for policing, concentration camps, firing squads at the first difficulty. There will be neither peaceful co-operation nor progress of any kind. And this will be exactly the situation in which

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the communists will have their hour and their chance for intervention. Stalin will not miss the chance of extracting what he can of the industrial potential of a weakened, defeated Germany. He will not renounce the ambition of creating a European bloc under Russian domination as *his* guarantee against a third world war.

In the mephitic air of postwar Europe the communists will be able to organize conspiracies, armed uprisings, military incidents, "little wars." These interventions cannot be avoided by drawing border lines, military zones, gentlemen's agreements or even by economic pressures. Stalin will be in a position to pose as the arbiter and protector of the various restless, newly created and highly antagonistic national states of Europe. At the same time he will offer a mock social solution to the working class of Germany. The proletarianized German population will face a choice between the "American solution" — foreign controlled private industry, dismemberment of Germany, etc. — and the "Russian solution" — utilization of the German industry for the reconstruction of Russia — and certainly will prefer "the Russian way."

Of course, Germany is not totally Nazi today and will not be totally Stalinist tomorrow. On the contrary, if there is any country in the world where a real anti-Stalinist socialist movement could be reborn, it is in Germany. The German workers have in the depths of their long socialistic past many tendencies for a democratic independent socialism, for self-rule, for an anti-totalitarian movement. These forces are the only ones capable of building up an anti-Stalinist, anti-totalitarian ideology and to win a mass support. They can organize themselves in parties and industrial unions, if they are not handicapped by a military Allied government. True, independent socialism would have to face a gigantic struggle with the Stalinists, who will appear in the form of a new German Communist party, or as a "people's bloc" dependent on Moscow, or in some other disguise. Nevertheless it will have a good chance of building up a socialistic democratic, anti-imperialistic, anti-militaristic Germany.

These critical observations are prompted by Mr. Kingsbury Smith's article on American plans for postwar Germany. Many of my friends are very excited over that article. I am not. I believe in the "inner logic" of events. There may be a lot of political surprises in the last phases of the war.

May I mention the fact, for instance, that both Hitler and Stalin have in the ice-box a group of old German communists ready for use. Good old Thaelmann, once communist candidate for the presidency of the Reich, is still alive, as are quite many of the old Communist Party bureaucrats like Neubauer, Gèschke, Schneller. (These fellows are lucky; had they escaped to Moscow most of them would have been "liquidated" as "agents of the Gestapo.") Why the Nazis have "spared" an important group of leading German communists is not yet clear. Stalin also has a number of German communists in reserve. From time to time Comrade Wilhelm Pieck appears with a "manifesto to the German workers." Pieck is one of the most unscrupulous tools of Stalin, well trained in the propaganda of the "national liberation" and very popular in the German "underground movement." Walter Ulbricht, another old-timer, famous as one of the best hangmen of the GPU in Spain, made a theatrical *mise en scène* at a conference of German war prisoners in Moscow in October, 1941. He was presented as "a prominent German anti-fascist." Speakers at that conference played on the old nationalist slogans, promising the resurrection of the German nation.

An important German group of communists in Mexico has just given out another plan for postwar Germany signed by another old-timer, Paul Merker. He proposes a ten-point program, accepted by an alleged "underground national peace conference" in Germany. This program, without doubt formulated under Stalinist orders, is simple and pays due respect to the national feeling of the future Germany: the army retreats to Germany and remains intact there; the war-guilty are promised punishment but without

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specification; the SS and the Gestapo are given a hint of clemency in that only their "dissolution" is demanded. Then follow the usual "social slogans": from confiscation of the property of the war-mongers to a "freely elected national assembly." This communist program appeals to all classes and tendencies: to the Nazis, to the non-existent middle class, the social-democratic and communist workers. It will attract more of the anti-Nazi forces and the underground movement of today than the American plan sketched out by Mr. Smith. Both plans, however, in different ways merely prepare the ground for the future Stalinization of Germany.

RUTH FISCHER

New York City.

PETTINESS, UNLIMITED

SIR: One generalization on which the *New Republic* and *Nation's Business*, Frank R. Kent and Walter Winchell, the American Labor Party and the National Association of Manufacturers can agree, it seems to me, is that the recent wave of "shot-gun" strikes over utterly silly causes must be viewed seriously by all patriotic Americans.

The average newspaper reader is familiar with these strikes . . . 800 workers walk out at a Ford plant because a supervisor breaks up a dice game . . . 50 women stop production at Chance Vought division of the United Aircraft Corporation because they must wear safety clothes instead of sweaters . . . 200 men lay down tools in a mid-western plant because a particularly popular union member is fired for excessive absenteeism.

Sensible men blush for shame when they read of such evidences of mental and emotional immaturity among fellow-Americans; philosophical men have a foreboding; the reaction of soldiers risking their lives daily in battle can only be hinted.

Even the most reactionary enemy of organized labor should not look with pleasure upon these incidents, which, to be sure, play right into the hands of labor's enemies and irritate the reading public far beyond our powers of description. And certainly no "friend" of labor wants this irritation to continue to a more dangerous point.

Without laying ourselves open to being termed alarmists, we put forward the thought that these scattered cases of willful sabotage (by preventing production) seem to have a far deeper meaning. They indicate a renascence of a spirit of anarchism, which, as many thoughtful men have pointed out, is a natural result of excessive "coddling" of men who have not learned to think deeply. The most honorable — and safest — move that responsible labor leaders could make today would be a forthright disavowal of these members who are so petty they will allow a "sweater" controversy, a dice game, or a friendship for a loafer to stand between them and full production of weapons for their sons and brothers in uniform.

A thoughtful person can well imagine the ridicule that would be heaped on an industrial manager who would not heed the call for production and more production because he had been piqued by a White House statement or had a friend who had been dressed down by a Congressional committee. These instances of childishness on the part of the laborers concerned have no parallels among responsible industrialists, who have been insulted for years, yet still do not tolerate the thought of giving up for one moment the fight to keep our nation free.

LARSTON D. FARRAR

Washington, D. C.

BABIES AND WAR

SIR: I have just read the April AMERICAN MERCURY and feel that I must congratulate you and Margaret Gilman on the splendid article, "Babies, Quantity or Quality?" Such articles, especially in these times of war, do much to counteract the "cannon fodder motif" — more babies to man our future armies — and will make people realize that only by making every child a wanted child can a true democratic state be attained.

CLARENCE J. GAMBLE, M.D.

Milton,
Massachusetts.

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CHECK LIST

(*Continued from page 120*)

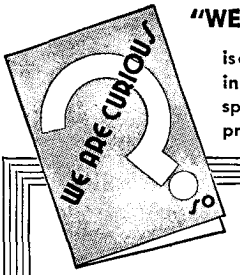
the General Commission on Army and avy Chaplains, here presents a popular ac- ount of the history of worship, church archi- ecture, church music, and religious educa- on. He writes clearly and with considerable rce.

ANADA TODAY AND TOMORROW, / William Henry Chamberlin. $3.00. *Little, own.* A careful, sober book about the Cana- an war effort, in which the author again tes his gift for realistic analysis. he dualism of Canadian life growing out of e large French-speaking minority is espe- ally well handled.

RONTIER BY AIR, by Alice Rogers ger. $3.50. *Macmillan.* Report of a fifteen- ousand-mile air journey made over Brazil the summer of 1941. It is light, even giggly times, and would chiefly interest the read- s of the large-scale women's magazines. he photographs by Jackie Martin are ex- llent.

REELY TO PASS, by Edward W. Beattie, $3.00. *Crowell.* Though in his early thirties, ie author is already a veteran foreign corre- ondent. This war book — which deserves to with the best of the species — is the oof of it. Mr. Beattie has used an interest- g device to tell his crowded experiences om 1937 to 1942. He tells very "simply the ory of a passport, Number 474503, which arted out normal length and grew consider- bly, as one assignment after another took me adually around the world for the United ress."

URRIER AND IVES, by Harry T. Peters. .00. *Doubleday, Doran.* Prefaced by a brief xt on this firm of printmakers, this is iefly a handsome assemblage of Currier id Ives' work, many of the plates in color, l from Collector Peters' files. At $5.00, it's bargain for C. & I. fans or sociologists, and obably the prettiest package for Christmas nong the season's books.



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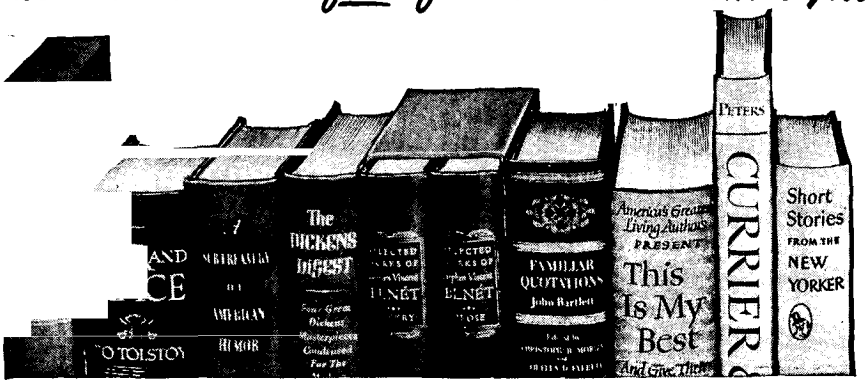

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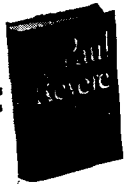

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